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LI-HUNG-CHANG'S VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE: HIS EXCELLENCY READING AN ADDRESS FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO HER MAJESTY.

*Drawn on the Spot by our Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The interrogation "Where shall we go?" I see addressed to persons in the holiday season and answered by a tourist who doubtless understands how to give them good advice. But it is, unhappily, useless to me. I have given up railways and steam-boats, and am interested neither in their routes nor their fares. I travel on an enchanted carpet (as recommended in "The Arabian Nights"), and visit all sorts of places while my friends—even those who are globe-trotters—confine themselves to excursions which are comparatively limited. The misfortune is that I have been to all the places before. Still I always find companions with whom it is impossible to quarrel, and of whom it is difficult to grow weary. The other day I went to Glasgow—not perhaps, some may say, the most desirable locality in the summer months; but I enjoyed myself well enough with Rob Roy, and afterwards went with him to the Trossachs, where we lived quite cheaply, for Rob has a way with him of getting things for nothing, and even returning home richer than he went. The next day (for the enchanted carpet beats all the expresses for speed) I went to Burgundy with Quentin Durward, who knows quite the best people in those parts, and is a most diverting companion. Then, thinking the sea-air might benefit me (though it never does), I spent a day at the Château d'If with the dear old Abbé; he could not offer me much hospitality, but was vastly entertaining, even when speaking of commercial matters. The Count of Monte Cristo was staying with him, and afterwards accompanied me to the Continent—an extremely liberal fellow for a millionaire, and with the largest acquaintance it is possible to imagine, some of them very queer ones. Next morning I passed in America at the thriving city of Eden, with one Mark Tapley kindly acting as cicerone, and very good company; in the evening among the Mohicans (a reduced family, but of dignified manners), to whom I was introduced by my young friend Uncas, an admirable character but a little too sententious; his father, Chingachgook (I could never catch his name), did some capital scalplings (of Mingoes) for my amusement. I have many more invitations from other old literary friends for August and September, but somehow I get a little tired of my carpet—the being always on the *tapis* is wearisome—and, to say truth, would be very thankful to be able to take a more commonplace excursion like other people, if it were but with "Arry" down to Margate. But this to a captive is impossible; it is only left to him to wish his readers better fortune and a happy holiday.

The summer number of a popular magazine gives us portraits of some of our gravest divines as they appeared upon the amateur stage in their youth at Cambridge, some of them in female characters. This is much more interesting than portraits of them in male costume, from long clothes to broadcloth, in which they are usually represented. An omission to be regretted is that, side by side with these attractive pictures, those entitled elsewhere "the present day" have not been placed; such comparisons to persons with any sense of humour would have been very far from odious. At the same time, this new departure must be to the clergy at large rather alarming. That they have been well conducted in their young days we do not doubt; but still, there are some positions in the youth of the most blameless persons of which they are naturally unwilling to have a permanent and only too accurate record taken by the photographer and reproduced for the amusement of the public. An Archbishop as Little Toddlekins is hardly a spectacle conducive to reverence, but as a competitor in an obstacle race (climbing through a ladder) or as an amateur Christy Minstrel it would tend to anything but edification. In laying down principles as to conduct to young gentlemen intending to take orders a new warning will now be necessary: "In addition, my dear young friends," the lecturer will observe, "to the monitions of your own conscience, which should cause you to avoid not only things blameworthy, but those which are not expedient, there will now be added, remember, the Kodak, which, silent and secret as conscience itself, may with distressing accuracy in after years recall your little indiscretions."

While the majority of mankind are obstinate enough, some people can be persuaded out of anything, no matter how fully they are convinced of it, if only the arguments against them are sufficiently persistent. A young man at Homburg shot himself ten years ago, and always maintained that the bullet was lodged in his head; this the doctors assured him was not the case: he might think that it was there, and even feel it, but it was an hallucination. He did feel intense pain, and under the influence of it lost his temper, and beat a fellow-patient in hospital. This was thought a triumph for the Faculty, who now said, "You see, the man is mad, as we always told you," and he was accordingly placed in a lunatic asylum. The few people who had ventured to express the opinion that a man who had shot himself was more likely to know where the bullet was than his medical attendants were silenced. After five years' detention he was allowed to go free upon signing a declaration that he never had anything in his head beyond the fixed idea of something being there. His head has now been photographed at Berlin with the X rays,

and the bullet found there. I knew an old Colonel who had a similar lodger in the same place, which caused his poor limbs to tremble excessively. His first remark to a stranger was always, "It's not drink, as you think," and as this was generally a correct diagnosis it was rather embarrassing. His temper, like that of the person above described, was irritated by the presence of the foreign body in his head, and I should have been sorry to be the doctor or anybody else who should have told him it was not there.

The journalists in Sweden must be having a good time. The Government are going to give them free tickets on the State railways; a proceeding which, it is to be hoped, is only the precursor to a free lunch. My experience is that a journalist pursues his profession all the better for having lunched freely; his heart enlarges, his enthusiasm kindles, and, above all, his invention is quickened. It has also been decided to grant 4000 kroner towards the expenses of two journalists in perfecting themselves in their profession by foreign travel. Most of us know two journalists (some of us even more) who we should like to hear were going on foreign travel for a lengthened period and in highly adventurous regions; but we should rather grudge them their 4000 kroner, until we knew how much it was. The coin may be equivalent to a pound sterling, but one is inclined to believe it nearer a threepenny bit. By-the-bye, this omission to translate foreign coinage in English is a grievance we all have against foreign correspondents. It would have been just as easy for the gentlemen who send this information from Sweden, for example, to be a little more explicit. We do not know whether to be lost in admiration at the liberality of the Government, or to be indignant at their meanness. This is of still more consequence in criminal matters, when we are unable to judge whether a fine has been inflicted of a just amount or out of all proportion to the offence. The excuse of the English newspaper editor is that, if he were to express the value of the foreign coin in our own tongue, the chances of error always incident to the telegraphic dispatch would be increased by the chance of error in the translation. But why should not the correspondent telegraph the sum in English coin? At all events, when the information is conveyed in writing (as in the case of the 4000 kroner) it is quite unpardonable to be so obscure. Is it possible that the correspondent thinks that the local colouring which the foreign terms give to his "copy" make up for its lack of intelligibility, just as the third-rate novelist interlards his stories the scenes of which are laid in an alien country with specimens of local dialect? As to Government grants to journalists, they would, one fears, be likely to interfere with their independence, or, at all events, render their readers suspicious of their doing so. Government grants to novelists (veterans, of course; it would never do to pauperise youthful genius) would, on the contrary, be an excellent thing, since they would tend to make them independent.

A delightful paragraph in an American newspaper lately informs us that a literary citizen of that country had been offered £5000 (not dollars) *per annum* "and a house in Grosvenor Square" if he would only consent to come over and edit a periodical for a millionaire fellow-countryman in London. The offer looked quite exceptionally promising, but, unhappily, it seems nothing has come of it. New York, perhaps, has gone one (thousand) better, or Grosvenor Square is objected to because the houses do not open directly on the gardens. Still, the existence of such a proposal gives one a magnificent notion of journalism, whether from the point of view of finance or imagination.

A poor old fellow was "murdered for his money" the other day, as it now turns out, under a total misapprehension. Because he lived in a parsimonious manner, it was supposed he was a miser, a view which might be taken of anybody of small means and an economical disposition. The whole affair seems a premium upon extravagance and a discouragement of thrift. Even misers ought not to be murdered (only bled), and when the crime took place it was regretted by everybody except the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His mouth watered, no doubt, over the expectation of the victim's contribution to the death duties. He must be a disappointed man, for it is discovered that the whole estate of the deceased amounts to five pounds sterling (left between a relative in Cornwall and a still more distant one in New South Wales). It is a pity that the murderer was not informed of this fact before the gallows got its due, for there is nothing a ruffian of that kind so much regrets as having laboured in vain. It is one of the few advantages of the literary profession that none of its members is in danger from this sort of error in judgment; everybody knows that they are not worth murdering for their money. I wish I could add that they themselves had never given way to this weakness as regards their fellow-creatures. Mr. Eugene Aram (who wrote, however, only scholastic works) and Mr. Wainright (an indifferent contributor to the lighter periodicals of the day) both gave way to the temptation, but it is fair to add that they had the intelligence to select persons of means.

It is said that the difference between Arcadia and Burlington Arcadia in the matter of morals is but small, but in its methods of reproof and admonition of vice the country is certainly behind the town. In the village of

Epsom, a comparatively sequestered spot except at one period of the year, certain persons have been charged with making "rough music" opposite the dwelling-house of a husband who was in the habit of ill-treating his wife. It seems as difficult to associate "the tongs and the bones" with marital ill-treatment or infidelity as currant sauce with roast pig, though the custom is an ancient one. One can fancy the harmony of sweet sounds soothing the feelings even of an injured wife, if her taste is musical, but what comfort can she derive from the clashing of pots and pans or the marrow-bones and cleavers? As a dramatic incident it no doubt relieves the monotony of domestic life. To wake up a bad husband in the small hours with the words, "Do you hear that, John?"—when this sort of melody breaks on the startled ear of night, affords no doubt a momentary satisfaction to the wronged one, but one questions its remedial effect upon the evil-doer. At all events, I hope the custom will never extend to London. How intolerable would be the increase of our street noises—and that, too, in the best neighbourhoods—if this mode of reprobation should become popular in the Metropolis!

"A Kentucky Colonel" is not a very attractive title to those whose notion of American Colonels is chiefly connected with "Martin Chuzzlewit," or the idea of numbers. He is not the least like the vast army of "military officers" of that rank in the United States, but more resembles in the sweetness and loveliness of his character (though, of course, with the difference produced by bringing up and environment) our own Colonel Newcome. Unlike that excellent warrior, however, he has an ambition to distinguish himself in literature as the author of a county history, and Philip Burwood, who tells the story, becomes acquainted with him through having answered his advertisement for an amanuensis. The quickness with which he becomes a member of the family is truly Kentuckian. There is a wife of course, a delightful daughter, and also a brother-in-law—"Old Buck," who plays the flute all day, yet complains that he is "worked like a nigger." But the Colonel will stand anything. He pretends to make a struggle against the way everybody imposes upon him, but, though his eyes are quite awakened to the fact, he can be hard on nobody. Like Mackworth Praed's creation, who held the poor were ever able, never willing, the beggar at his gate gets first abuse and then a shilling. The conflicts between him and the idle rogues on his estate are intensely entertaining—

"Isom," said the Colonel, bending a severe glance upon the fellow, "what are you doing here in the shade? Why ain't you at work?"

"Sick dis mawnin', Sah."

"Nonsense, you are as healthy as a steer. You can't expect me to keep you when you lie around this way. What's the matter with you?"

"Well, Sah, de truth is, I went ober ter Steve's silver weddin' las' night, an'—"

"Why, Steve hasn't been married more than a year," the Colonel broke in.

"I know dat, Sah."

"How, then, could he have a silver wedding?"

"Dat wuz his erfair, Sah; I didn't git it up nuz manage it. I knows whar dar's er nigger dat's got some stuff dat would brace me up, an' ef I jes' had er quarter I'd get some, an' den I'd make dis yere dirt fly like er harrycane gwine ober it."

"You trifling rascal, do you expect me to give you money when you do everything you can against my political interest?"

"I didn't know dat I'd done nothin' ergin you, Sah; fo' de Lawd I didn'."

"Didn't you and your gang vote against Evans for sheriff when you knew full well that I wanted him elected?"

"He wuz 'lected, Sah."

"Yes, but not by your assistance."

"Wall, now, lemme tell you; we didn't vote ergin him so mighty hard. S' I, 'Boys, vote ergin dis white man saft an' easy—saft an' easy, boys, 'case Col'n Osbury want him 'lected,' an' den de boys dey voted easy, an' ef dey hadn't, Sah, he wouder be beat, sho. Mighty anxious ter git dis piece planted fo' it rains, an' if I jes' had er quarter—"

"Here," said the Colonel, tossing him a twenty-five-cent piece.

"Thanksee, Sah. Dirt gwine ter fly now."

The Colonel's troubles and the way in which he meets them are always humorous. His innocent vanity over his county history (which his amanuensis writes for him) is more attractive than modesty and merit combined in another man. There is plenty of "story" in the novel, and not less than the usual amount of "shooting at sight" which we expect in a description of Kentucky life; but the character of the Colonel is so striking and altogether delightful that it dominates the reader, and makes him grudge the time spent over other matters. When the county history is published (at his own expense) and Burwood reads the reviews of it aloud—the bad ones first and the good ones judiciously reserved, like the jam after the powders—there is a delightful scene. The explosions of indignation that follow upon an unfavourable notice would do any author's heart good to listen to. "D—d scoundrel," exclaimed the Colonel, walking up and down the room and striking his fists together, "I could whittle on his liver, and thank Heaven for the opportunity. Read the next one." This he stamps upon and tears to pieces, exclaiming that he is sorry he has written the infernal history. But when the favourable notices are read, he forgets all about the other ones at once. "By George! Sir, that's a sensible man and a true gentleman. That's one of Nature's noblemen. By George! Burwood, we'll write a book every year." Critics and their victims will equally admire this; and, indeed, there are things here and there in the book for everybody to admire.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA: FINAL MATCH.

The interest of the third test match between England and the Australian cricketers has been marred by an unfortunate incident. On the eve of the game a question of money was raised by five professional players, who sent a respectful protest to the committee of the Surrey Club against the financial terms on which they were engaged. Much diversity of opinion has been excited by this action on the part of Abel, Lohmann, Richardson, Hayward, and Gunn. On one hand it is maintained that to imperil the chances of England at such a critical moment was both unprofessional and unpatriotic, especially as no objection had been made to the conditions of the two preceding contests; and on the other it was held that the men were hardly used, and that ten pounds a match could not be fairly regarded as adequate payment in such a case. The five "strikers" asked for twenty pounds, but disclaimed any idea of coercion. Their case is that they felt it was just to themselves to make a protest, but that they had no intention of imperilling the fortunes of England. Three of them, indeed, placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the committee, and they—Abel, Richardson, and Hayward—took part in the match.

On a very wet wicket England went in on Monday evening at half past five. When play concluded for the day England had lost one wicket for 69. On Tuesday, however, things looked less brilliant, and with a sticky wicket to help, the Australian bowling was irresistible. The innings was concluded for 145 runs. The Australians, however, found the wicket equally treacherous, and concluded their first innings for 119. England's second innings was a mere collapse—all out for 84; but Australia collapsing even more badly, and finishing for 44, England remained victorious by 66 runs.

## LIONS AT THE AQUARIUM.

One of the latest additions to the attractions of the Royal Aquarium is a cage of lions which go through certain performances at the bidding of their trainer, the "Countess X." The lady is said to be really a Countess in private life, and it is announced that her object, or one of her objects, in thus appearing as a public performer is to prove that the wildest animals may be tamed and rendered amenable to discipline without violence or cruelty of any kind. Be that as it may, the performance certainly does not show any signs of fear on the part of the animals, or, it must be admitted, on the part of the courageous Countess. To many people, however, the birth of four lion cubs at the Aquarium will be more interesting news than the announcement of the accomplishments of the grown animals. A few days after the arrival of the lions and their lady trainer, one of the female

Loh-Feng-Luh,

First Secretary and Interpreter to Li-Hung-Chang. The Nephew and adopted Son of Li-Hung-Chang.



LI-HUNG-CHANG'S ADOPTED SON AND INTERPRETER.

animals, by name Zizi, gave birth to four cubs, which were named Hamlet, Ophelia, Romeo, and Juliet. Unhappily, Ophelia died ere she was two days old, but the other three have so far survived the tragic associations of their names, and are to be seen imbibing nourishment from a bottle as they lie in a basket close to their mother and her companions.

## THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

Sudden and violent storms, alternately of heavy rain and of blinding sand or dust, with north or south winds, but still oppressive heat, in the first days of August, have caused some discomfort at the advanced posts and camps of the Anglo-Egyptian troops on the Upper Nile. The uncertainty and fitfulness of the rising of that river, expected at this season of the year, for which the steamboats laden with military stores are waiting below the Second Cataract, must have delayed some of the work. But the health of the troops generally is now pronounced very good, the cholera having almost disappeared among them. The construction and traffic working of the railway having made rapid progress, General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief, has been enabled to travel quickly from Wady Halfa to Kosheh and back; the return journey was performed in ten hours. He has received a message from the Khedive highly commending both him and the troops under his command. There is no certain news of the enemy's preparations to resist the further advance, which cannot take place earlier than the middle of September.

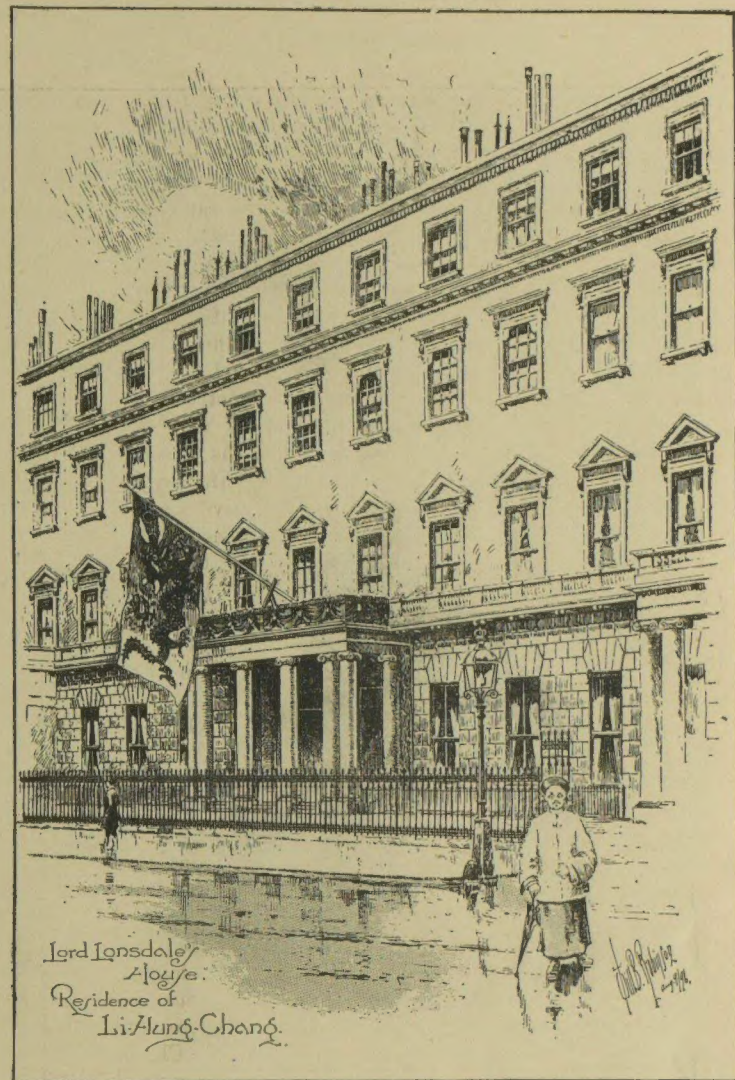
## THE TROUBLE IN CRETE.

There seems less prospect than before of a pacific settlement of affairs in the unhappy island of Crete, since the foreign Powers in diplomatic communication with the Porte at Constantinople are in disagreement between themselves concerning the suggested naval blockade against Greek volunteers and supplies of arms and warlike material to the Cretan insurgents. The Government of the kingdom of Greece is unable to check those proceedings, so that a party of eight young officers of its own army, including some belonging to the highest and most distinguished Greek families, as many non-commissioned officers, and several zealous leaders of the national patriotic crusade, have recently passed over to the island, with about fifty armed followers, eluding the vigilance of the guard-ship *Kissa*, stationed with a military force on the coast of Attica for the prevention of such unauthorised expeditions. Much excitement is caused at Athens and at the Piræus by the continual arrival of Cretan refugees from the cruelty of the Turkish troops. About seven thousand, mostly in a destitute plight, have already been received in Greece. We have yet scanty details of the actual condition of the interior districts of the island, but Mr. Bickford Smith has obtained permission to visit them as agent for distributing the relief provided by British subscription funds. In the town of Candia, on Aug. 4, a tumultuous mob of Mussulman fanatics drove the Christian inhabitants out of their dwellings, and threatened, or personally insulted, the local Governor, Hassan Pasha, who had attempted to stop their violence. The Civil Governor of Crete, Georgi Berovitch Pasha, instead of supporting their subordinate official, has removed him, and appointed Colonel Abdullah, of the Turkish gendarmerie, a Kurd, by which act of weakness or timidity the excesses of the soldiery are likely to be the more encouraged. At Herakleion, it seems, on the contrary, the Turkish garrison resisted the entry of a band of Mohammedans who came to attack the Christians, and the Governor of Herakleion was wounded in a conflict which ensued. The Greeks afterwards came out to defend themselves, and drove back their assailants with much loss, while the Ottoman troops looked on, impassive spectators of the fighting.

## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The miniature campaign of the Naval Manœuvres was concluded on Aug. 6, Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour having succeeded in reaching Lough Swilly in safety in the teeth of the opposing fleet of Lord Walter

Kerr. The manœuvres are considered to have given very satisfactory illustration of the tactics which have been called forth in their progress. Four days after their completion the entire Channel fleet which had been taking part in them passed Spithead and made towards Cowes in single line. As the flag-ship *Majestic* at the head of this great naval procession came in a line with Osborne, a royal salute was fired from



LI-HUNG-CHANG'S RESIDENCE IN CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE.

every ship. The display was one of very unusual strength, and excited great interest among the many spectators on board the innumerable yachts gathered together for the Cowes Week. On the following day her Majesty the Queen crossed over to Spithead on board the royal yacht *Alberta* to review the fleet, for the first time since the year of her Jubilee. The spectacle was certainly well worthy of the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty's subsequent expression of her gratification was signalled from the *Majestic* by Admiral Lord Walter Kerr on the following morning.

## YACHTING AT COWES.

The third day of the Cowes Week was marked by much disappointment when it became known that the big cutter race for the Royal Yacht Squadron prize of one hundred pounds was to remain a blank in the annals of yachting for the reason that all the craft, with the single exception of the German Emperor's *Meteor*, had gone out of the proper course and were therefore disqualified. Mr. C. D. Rose's *Satanita* made a very good show in this race, which was after all no race, and the *Meteor* met with much commiseration for the repetition of her ill-luck by which she lost her bowsprit. The German Emperor's Cup for schooners and yawls of forty tons and upwards was won by Mr. J. H. Haggis's *Anemone*, Mr. Van Laun's *Gwendolin* taking the second prize, and Mr. Revetts's *Speranza* the third. The *Anemone* held the lead all along, and the race was very uneventful. In the race for the Town Prize of one hundred pounds, Mr. Walker's *Ailsa* distinguished herself finely, holding the lead throughout and finishing in splendid style. The *Britannia* came in second, and the *Satanita* third, much to the disappointment of the many who expected her to do better in this race. The *Ailsa* on the following day carried off the chief honours of the year over the course round the Isle of Wight for the German Emperor's Challenge Shield, winning a notable victory amid intense enthusiasm.

## LI-HUNG-CHANG IN ENGLAND.

See Supplement.

This week we give a Supplement devoted to the doings of his Excellency Li-Hung-Chang since his arrival in London, and need only here refer to the two Illustrations given on the present page. One of these shows the adopted son of the Chinese Envoy, and Loh-Feng-Luh, the First Secretary and Interpreter of the Special Embassy of Li-Hung-Chang. Lord Li is really Li-Hung-Chang's nephew, but was adopted by him as his son some years ago, when he had no male offspring of his own. A son was, however, subsequently born to him, and is known by the name of Tao-Tai-Li. Both Lord Li and Tao-Tai-Li have been their father's constant companions during his recent experiences of European life and manners. Loh-Feng-Luh has a remarkable command of the English tongue, acquired during a visit to this country in the suite of the Chinese Minister Kwoh some twenty years ago. Li-Hung-Chang's temporary residence in London is the town house of Lord Lonsdale, in Carlton House Terrace, and the Emperor of Germany has more than once been entertained within its walls. All the Grand Secretary's personal apartments have been arranged on the ground floor to save him the ascent of stairs. The cuisine is entirely in the hands of his Excellency's Chinese servants, but the coachmen and footmen who attend him are Lord Lonsdale's servants. The yellow livery of the latter is not inappropriate to their present duties.





PERFORMING LIONS AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM, WITH CUBS BORN AT THE AQUARIUM, AUGUST 6.





British pluck.  
The Crowd sitting out the  
Deluge of Monday.



G. Giffen  
bowling.



Acid Tablets  
all the best.



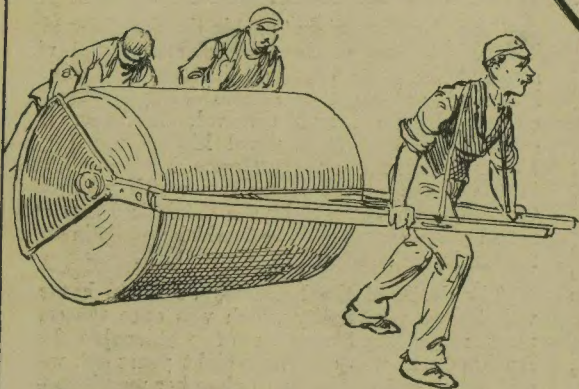
Lady  
The Australian  
Giant



"The Doctor" wins the Toss  
from Trott.



More Rain



Removing the roller



Trumble.



Kumar Sher  
Ranjitsinhji



Craig "The poet"  
says a few words about  
the strike



Trott gets out Grace  
by an easy catch  
at point

James Proctor 96.



## PERSONAL.

Among the latest deaths in the fighting with the Matabili, which now seems to be approaching its necessary

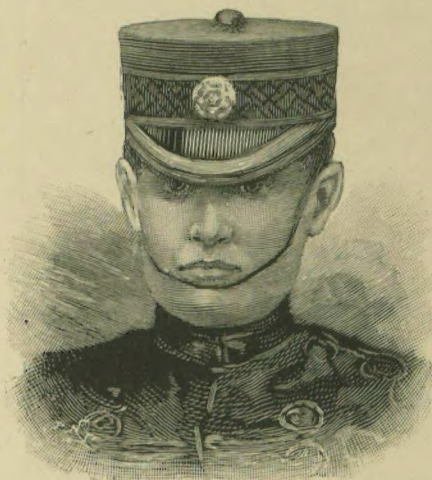


Photo Sampson, Southampton.  
THE LATE MAJOR KERSHAW.

termination, that of Major F. Kershaw, of the 2nd Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, is much regretted by his comrades in the regular army. It was on Wednesday week, Aug. 5, in the battle which Colonel Plumer's column of troops, during five hours, maintained against three or four thousand of the enemy, the combined "impis" of Sikombo, Umlugula, and three other warlike chiefs, that Major Kershaw fell, shot dead by a Matabili rifle-man at fifteen yards' distance. The Major, assisted by Sergeant Oswald McKloskie, who was killed in the same manner, had been gallantly leading on his men to the assault, driving the foe out of caves and crevices in the rocks, where they could not easily be seen. Colonel Baden-Powell says in his report, "I deeply regret the loss of Major Kershaw, a most promising officer, who had lately been entrusted in an increasing degree with arduous work."

The Czar's visit to Paris is to be made the occasion of great popular rejoicing. The only fear of the French Government is that the zeal of the Parisians will lead them into "untoward demonstrations." When the Russian naval officers visited Paris they were hugged by the fishwives of the Halles. Perhaps this is one of the "untoward demonstrations" apprehended by the Government. A sword of honour, valued at a thousand pounds, is to be presented to the Czar; but as this martial emblem will be accompanied by a silver cradle for the Czarina's baby, the public gifts may be regarded as on the whole pacific.

Prince Bismarck has been studying the Scriptures. In a letter to a citizen of Dundee he justifies his hostility to the Cretans by quoting St. Paul, who relied for his unfavourable estimate of the islanders on some unknown authority. "All Cretans are liars," writes Prince Bismarck with evident satisfaction. What this has to do with the merits of Turkish administration in Crete does not appear. St. Paul would probably have said some strong things about the Turks, if he had not been too early to make their acquaintance.

In his retirement the old German Chancellor does not disguise his dislike of England and English policy. His Hamburg organ foams at us whenever it has the opportunity. As this produces no effect, even upon German diplomacy, such a waste of emotion is a pity. The whole semi-official Press in Germany has been enjoying a good bout of Anglophobia, and yet Europe remains calm. As the clamour has suddenly stopped, the statesman who set it going seems to have found that it does not pay.

After all Prince Boris has not retired into the private life of the nursery. It would have been hard if his infantine career as a factor in European diplomacy, to say nothing of ecclesiastical controversy, had degenerated into the obscurity of average childhood. Prince Boris has reappeared upon the scene. Attended by his nurse, he visited a Bulgarian camp, and made a speech to the officers. "I am much pleased with what I have seen, and I thank you, gentlemen," said this dignified three-year-old. Some cynics suggest that Prince Boris was laboriously taught this little piece of rhetoric; but no one who remembers his supreme calm in the midst of Papal and Muscovite intrigues will fail to credit him with original inspiration.

The Earl of Limerick, who died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, at the age of fifty-six, succeeded to the title thirty



Photo Fradelle and Young.  
THE LATE LORD LIMERICK.

years ago. He entered the Army in 1858, and was Colonel in the Royal Munster Fusiliers. From 1886 to 1889 he was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen and was Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. In the House of Lords he acted as Conservative Whip for many years, and was Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Limerick. He was at one time President of the National Artillery Association. As a landlord he was very popular with his tenants, both on his Hertfordshire estate of Tewin Water and on the property attached to the family seat of Dromore Castle, in the county of Limerick, his ideas on the subject of rent being remarkably lenient.

The late Earl is succeeded by the son of his first marriage, Viscount Glentworth, who is an officer in the Royal Munster Fusiliers.

One of the old City churches, St. Mary Woolnoth, is threatened by a Railway Bill before Parliament. The site is wanted for a new underground station, and a compromise has been proposed by which the railway company should take over the church for a while, and hand it back when the works are completed. This arrangement would entail a considerable amount of demolition, and the rector declares he would rather see the building destroyed altogether than "mauled and mutilated" in this fashion. It would certainly be well for Parliament to insist on keeping ancient structures of this kind intact. Railways are necessary, but there is no reason why the expense of railway construction should be lessened by pulling down or defacing one of the ancient monuments of the City.

Mr. Alderman Faudel-Phillips will be the new Lord Mayor of London. He is a conspicuous figure in the City, mainly owing to his position as Chairman of the Special Committee of the Corporation appointed to keep a vigilant eye on the foes of the existing administration of the civic affairs. His father, the late Sir Benjamin Phillips, was Lord Mayor thirty years ago. Mr. Alderman Faudel-Phillips is Governor of the Irish Society.

An imaginative correspondent of a New York paper has discovered a project for marrying Mr. Astor to Princess Victoria of Wales. This, he says, is exciting bitter feelings in London Society. The bitterness is due, no doubt, to the choice of an American husband for an English Princess; or rather it would be due to that reason, if the story were anything but a fable. Among the hardships of American millionaires is this constant exposure to the fantastic pranks of the merry scribes who gravely telegraph to New York what no other human being has ever dreamed of.

The Queen's Cup, competed for at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes, and illustrated in our last issue, is a richly modelled and chased two-handled vase with cover, decorated with vine leaves and grapes in high relief, and was manufactured by Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street.

At the age of eighty-three, Lady Tennyson has gone to the bourne whither her husband preceded her four years



Photo Cameron, Mortimer St. eet.  
THE LATE EMILY, LADY TENNYSON.

ago. She was the daughter of Mr. Henry Sellwood, and niece of Sir John Franklin, of which distinction Tennyson was not a little proud. He met her first at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, and married her in 1850. From that time she was completely absorbed in his fame, and the world knew little of her; but those who were

privileged to enter the home circle of the Tennysons were always deeply impressed by her breadth of mind and fine sympathies.

The Sir Augustus Harris memorial remains still in somewhat stagnant waters. On the whole, its history is a trifle dismal. It will be recollected that shortly after Sir Augustus Harris's death an executive committee was formed, which again created a general committee to consider the best mode of perpetuating the great manager's memory. The general committee referred the matter to the executive, with an instruction that a meeting should be called at the end of September. The executors made sundry decisions as to the destination of the money, which were very far from being acceptable to many members of the general committee, who, contrary to their instructions, were rather suddenly called together to consider these decisions a few days ago. A very strenuous opposition had meanwhile grown up, particularly among the friends of the deceased, against the objects suggested by the committee, and Mr. Cecil Raleigh bluntly proposed that a statue should be erected as a personal memorial. Backed as he was by the strong views of Sir Augustus's family, the executive hesitated to enforce their views, and finally carried, by a preponderance of their own votes, a compromise by which subscribers towards the memorial shall state for what object they desire to give their money—namely, to a statue or to musical charities. There, for the present, the matter rests.

The Pope maintains his health, but he is much troubled by the illness of his valet, Pio Centro. Pio was originally a hatter, but for years he has held the important post of body-servant to the head of the Roman Catholic Church. His master esteems him highly, and has conferred upon him the Order of St. Sylvester.

The fourth and concluding Cyclus at Bayreuth begins to-morrow, Sunday, and finishes on Wednesday, Aug. 19. On the whole, one is bound to say that the consensus of opinion has not been exactly favourable this year towards the Mecca of Wagnerian art. It appears that Madame Wagner, trusting too much to the traditions of the German nation, has somewhat persistently engaged singers who cannot be said to have a cosmopolitan value. The scenery, one understands, is upon a magnificent and moving scale of splendour, and it goes without saying that the orchestra, under Herr Mottl and Herr Richter, is excellent. The experiment, however, of producing "The Ring" and that alone, has

been so risky that it may be expected that Madame Wagner will hesitate before she ventures to repeat it. The world goes to Bayreuth chiefly for "Parsifal." That is a fact from which there is no escape. Take "Parsifal" from Bayreuth, and Bayreuth is left desolate and without a prophet.

In the death of Lieutenant-General Sir William Kidston Elles of cholera at Naini Tal the army in India has met with a very considerable loss. Only last year, on the reorganisation of the Indian military system, Sir William Elles was appointed to the command of the forces in Bengal, after having controlled a first-class district for the preceding five years. He was born in the year of the Queen's accession to the throne, and entered the Army in 1854. He saw plenty of action at the beginning of his career, for he was serving at the Siege of Sebastopol, and was mentioned in dispatches and received the medal and clasp. In the Indian Mutiny he took part in the battle of Cawnpore, the relief of Lucknow, and other engagements which have become history. He joined the Hazara Expedition of 1868, and won further distinctions. After taking part in the Burmese Campaign of 1886 he was made a C.B., and after commanding the Hazara Expeditionary Force five years later he was made a K.C.B., and received the thanks of the Government. His death, which took place after but a few hours' illness, has occasioned widespread regret among Anglo-Indians, both military and civilian.



Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.  
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR W. K. ELLES.

The Middlesex County Council has made a gallant attempt to cope with the nuisance of street noises. An organ-grinder must not continue grinding within fifty yards of any dwelling when requested to desist by the householder or his servant. The same rule applies to street noises or any noise within fifty yards of a hospital. This is very well, though a considerable disturbance can be made even at that distance. Nervous people with an acute sense of hearing will complain that this limit is no boon to them. Moreover, the bye-laws of the Middlesex County Council do not apply to London, and our own County Councillors show little disposition to be helpful.

Cups play a prominent part in the chronicles of the Cowes Week, but none of those which are carried victoriously away at its close least an interest that can be called historical outside the annals of yachting. In the course of the recent carnival, however, a relic of considerable interest in naval history was purchased by Major Shuttleworth from Messrs. Emmanuel, of Portsea, in the shape of the silver cup which was presented to Captain John Stewart by the Patriotic Fund as a recognition of his capture of two Turkish vessels in the Mediterranean in the summer of the year 1808.

The death of the Duchesse de Sexto has removed a well-known personality which was once the centre of the most representative salon of fashionable Paris. The Duchess, who was only fifty-eight years old, was by birth a Russian, and was known before her marriage with Comte de Morny, the French Ambassador, as Princesse Sophie Troubetzkoy. Five years after his marriage Comte de Morny was made a Duke, and it is as Duchesse de Morny that his wife is best remembered, although after the Duc de Morny's death she contracted a second marriage with the Duc de Sexto.

The Chartered Company of British South Africa, though unfortunately deprived, by their own serious error and its judicial consequences, of the services of many of its most distinguished officers, who ought to have been guarding its Matabili territories, has yet been enabled to show, in the valour and alacrity of its remaining civil and military servants, examples of British individual prowess that recall the memory of similar deeds at the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. Hubert J. Hervey, one of the Company's administrative officials, who has died of his wounds received on Aug. 5 in the battle fought that day by Colonel Plumer's force in the Matoppo Hill country, was a valued member of the service, and was resident magistrate at Salisbury, in Mashonaland. He was a brother of the Rev. Frederick A. J. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham and Chaplain to the Queen and the Prince of Wales.



Photo Fripp, Capetown.  
THE LATE MR. HUBERT HERVEY.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, was visited last week by the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, the Empress Eugénie, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta and Prince Nicholas of Greece, and the Archduchess Stéphanie of Austria.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Sandringham, and the Duke of York to Bolton Abbey.

The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria have left England on a visit to Denmark.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, on Friday, Aug. 7, inspected the troops of the National Artillery Association in their camp at Shoeburyness, and addressed them with approval, especially bidding welcome to the Canadian detachment, who have won the Queen's prize with a total of 237 points, twenty-four points above any other group. The Commander-in-Chief also witnessed, on Aug. 6, at Aldershot, the exercises of the two Volunteer brigades assembled there with the troops commanded by the Duke of Connaught.

The Channel fleet at Spithead, after the Naval Review, and the Reserve fleet, which returned to Portland from the Naval Manœuvres, have gone back to their ordinary stations.

By order of the Queen, a silver medal has been struck, with an inscription, to be distributed among inhabitants of Ushant, Molène, and the neighbouring Breton islands, acknowledging their kindness after the wreck of the *Drummond Castle* in taking care of the bodies of the English dead.

Deputations have been received by the Right Hon. H. Chaplin, President of the Local Government Board, on the insufficient water-supply of East London, and by the Right Hon. C. J. Ritchie, asking for amendment of the Weights and Measures Act.

A Volunteer Military Tournament was held at the Crystal Palace on Saturday with much success. It represented deputations from the battalions of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent, and six other counties. It was organised by Lieutenant-Colonel Tully, of the 4th East Surrey, Captain W. H. Horncastle, 3rd Middlesex, and a committee of Volunteer officers. The performances were good, and attracted crowds of spectators.

A large fire, early on Sunday morning, at Rose's Wharf, Westferry Road, Millwall, destroyed the buildings, machinery, and stores of the oil refinery of Messrs. Sir W. A. Rose and Co., with two laden barges alongside the wharf.

A terrible and fatal disaster, homicide by misadventure, took place on the stage at the Novelty Theatre, Great Queen Street, on Monday night. Mr. Temple Crozier, an actor in a play called "The Sins of the Night," was stabbed by another actor, Mr. W. M. Franks, with a dagger or stiletto, the blade of which ought to have been turned back when the blow was struck. This weapon, not being used properly, pierced Mr. Crozier's breast, and he died in half-an-hour. Mr. Franks and he were on most friendly terms.

Glasgow has now been furnished with accommodation resembling the Metropolitan Underground Railway in London. The new Central Railway, constructed by the Caledonian Railway Company, is seven miles long, from Maryhill at the extreme west to Rutherglen at the extreme east end. It passes under the main streets of the city a length of five miles.

The rowing-boat which has crossed the Atlantic from New York in sixty-two days arrived safely at Havre on Friday, Aug. 7, having set forth on June 6. Its crew were two Norwegians, George D. Ulon and Frank D. Samuelson, about thirty years of age, who each rowed a pair of oars alternately for three hours.

The annual watermen's race on the Thames from London Bridge to Chelsea, for Doggett's Coat and Badge, took place on Aug. 6: it was won easily by R. J. Carter, of Greenwich, against five competitors.

From the report of the Irish Land Commission to the end of March this year it appears that since 1881 in 303,000 cases fair rents have been fixed by adjudications of the Land Commissioners and the Civil Bill Courts and in other ways, the total amount of annual rental so dealt with being £6,313,221, which was reduced, on the average, 20 per cent. over the whole country. The total amount of loans for the purchase of land issued in cash by the Land Commission has been £10,213,145, of which £589,060 has been repaid, while the interest paid by the borrowers has been £1,779,480, leaving only £10,172 due from them.

The British astronomical observers at the Varangerfjord, Norway, on Aug. 9, were baffled in photographing telescopic views of the solar eclipse by clouds in the sky, and the reports from Japan and Eastern Siberia are not more favourable.

The second trial of Major Lothaire by the Congo State Court of Appeal at Brussels, for illegally putting Mr. Stokes to death by court-martial sentence in January 1895, has ended in his acquittal. This was pronounced on Thursday, Aug. 6, by M. de Volder, the presiding Judge, upon the ground that Major Lothaire acted conscientiously, from a sense of military duty, and without any criminal intent, though he may have failed in the observance of certain regulations.

The German Emperor and Empress are staying at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, where the Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, came to meet his Imperial Majesty, and returned to Berlin on Sunday.

The President of the French Republic, M. Félix Faure, has been making a tour in Brittany, and has been entertained with a grand banquet at Brest.

It is expected that the Czar Nicholas II., with the Empress of Russia, will go to Breslau to meet the Emperor William about the beginning of September, after their visit to Vienna. Whether Berlin is to receive the Russian imperial guests seems yet rather doubtful. Their intention to come to this country, probably from Copenhagen, to visit the Queen at Balmoral, is considered as certain as that they will go to Paris.

The warfare in South Africa against the Matabili rebel tribes is drawing to an end. The enemy being closely confined to the rocky recesses of the Matoppo Hills, on several days last week, Aug. 4 to Aug. 8, the troops, under command of Colonel Plumer, with Major Baden-Powell, Major Kershaw, Captain Beresford, Captain Llewellyn, and others leading their respective squadrons, attacked the fortified strongholds held by their warlike chief Sikombo. On Aug. 5 there was a battle four miles

seeing that the kingdom of Italy is still in hostile relations with the Emperor Menelik, though not actually fighting.

At Mombasa, the East African seaport which is the starting-point of the Uganda Railway, a railway bridge 1700 ft. long, to connect the small island on which the town is built with the mainland, has now been constructed, and was opened last Saturday.

The intense heat at New York, Chicago, and other large cities of America, during several days of August, has caused hundreds of deaths, as many as 188 in New York and its suburbs being officially recorded.

Although our latest reports direct from Spitzbergen seemed to render it probable, at the end of July, that Herr Andrée's balloon, having several rents in it, would not start this summer on its aerial Arctic surveying trip towards the North Pole, there was still a possibility of his contriving to repair his balloon, and we are now informed that he had a favourable southerly wind blowing there on Aug. 4. We cannot, however, attach much importance to a startling official telegram from Canada, stating that two parties of North American Indians, on a day not specified, saw a balloon in latitude 55 deg. 15 min. N., longitude 127 deg. 40 min. W., hovering over the Western Continent. A vast space on the globe lies between that locality and Spitzbergen, making it only wonderful that any reporter should have imagined the connection.

A Norwegian traveller in Central Asia, Mr. Svén Heddiu, who started from Kashgar on the last day of 1895, has discovered a group of hitherto unknown lakes to the east of Yarkand, and has also, in traversing the deserts of Turkestan, traced the direction of rivers which lose themselves in the sands. The ruins of two ancient towns, historically unknown, have been found by him in Khotan.

The British Government has acknowledged the sovereignty of Brazil over the small uninhabited rocky island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic Ocean. It has been found unsuitable for a submarine telegraph cable station, but there is a proposal that the Brazilian Government should erect a lighthouse.

## PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords has presented the unwonted spectacle of a revolt against a Conservative Government. Very considerable changes were made in the Irish Land Bill, and Ministers were repeatedly beaten in the division lobby by a coalition of Irish and English landowners. What Lord Salisbury thought of this defection of his supporters did not appear at the time, for during the debates on the various stages of the Bill he never said a word, and when it came up for third reading he was absent. The chief amendments introduced into the measure were the exclusion of "town parks"—that is, of estates adjoining towns—the rejection of the Government proposal to include tenants with a rent of a hundred pounds

a year, and the denial to the tenant of the "right" of turbury—that is, of cutting turf on his holding for fuel. The leaders of the malcontents were Lord Londonderry and Lord Macnaghten, who made no secret of their detestation of a Bill which they denounced as sheer "confiscation," a word hitherto reserved for the legislation of Liberal Cabinets. In taking this line the Irish landlords were undoubtedly representing their own proprietary interests, but what else they represented does not clearly appear. The Government in the exercise of their responsibility introduced this Bill as a necessary corollary of preceding Irish legislation, and gave specific pledges in the House of Commons. They were told that they had no right to carry such legislation beyond the Land Act of 1881; but in fifteen years circumstances have changed, and one of the duties of all Governments is to legislate in accordance with imperative necessities. That was the policy stated by Mr. Balfour with great lucidity, and the idea of the Irish landlords that they can make an effectual stand against it is, of course chimerical. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour has had the satisfaction of witnessing the complete success of his plan for the better discussion of Supply. There has been an automatic closure at the end of the specified term, but all the more important votes have been thoroughly debated. It would be well if the same scheme could be extended to legislators by the allotment of fixed periods for all the stages of Bills. The Committee of Inquiry into South African affairs has been appointed after some lively skirmishing by the Irish members, some of whom thought that Ireland was not adequately represented on the Committee. An attempt to exclude Mr. Labouchere was resisted by the Government and defeated. Mr. Chamberlain has declined to interfere on behalf of the two Reform prisoners still in jail at Pretoria. They refused to sign the petition which ensured the release of the other prisoners, claiming that Sir Jacobus de Wet, the late British Agent at Pretoria, had promised them perfect immunity.



CHRISTIAN DEPUTIES ATTENDING THE NATIONAL ORETAN ASSEMBLY IN CANEA.

The above illustration shows the Representatives of the Peasants from the District of Sphakia, the most warlike of the Insurgents.

beyond Sugar Bush Camp, in which engagement Colonel Plumer's whole force, numbering 760 men, defeated the enemy, reckoned at three or four thousand, some part fighting three or four hours. Major Kershaw and Lieutenant Hervey were killed, with three others, and fifteen wounded. The enemy's loss is estimated at three hundred. In Mashonaland, Colonel Alderson, on Aug. 3, attacked and stormed Makoni's kraal, with an hour and a half of fighting, in which Captain Alfred Ernest Haynes, R.E., was killed. On the 8th Colonel Alderson was joined by Major Watts, who had captured and burnt Chili's kraal. Their movements have effectually opened the road to Salisbury and Umtali. An old woman has been taken prisoner in the Matoppo caves who is believed to be the widow of Umsilikatze, the father of Lobengula, and the founder of the Matabili warrior kingdom. She reports dissensions between their chief generals, Inyanda, Sikombo, and Umlugula, with the young King Nyando, and Mlimo the wizard, instigator of this revolt. Over three hundred Matabili heads of families have surrendered to the British authority. On Monday last Colonel Plumer, by a night march from the Insega camp, reached the main strongholds of the insurgent chiefs Makavulu and Umlugula, and found them deserted by the enemy. All the eastern part of the Matoppo Hill country is now cleared of the bands of rebels, but a conflict is still expected on the Gwai river, to the west of Bulawayo.

The Volksraad of the Transvaal is occupied with a Bill to provide State-aided schools for the children of the Uitlanders, with instruction to be given in their own language instead of Dutch. Another Bill has been passed, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to natives.

A Dutch steamer named the *Doelwyk*, from Rotterdam, with forty thousand repeating rifles and several millions of cartridges on board, has been captured in the Red Sea, near Perim, by the Italian cruiser *Etna*, and has been taken to Massowah for adjudication as a prize, forfeit by the attempt to supply munitions of war to Abyssinia,



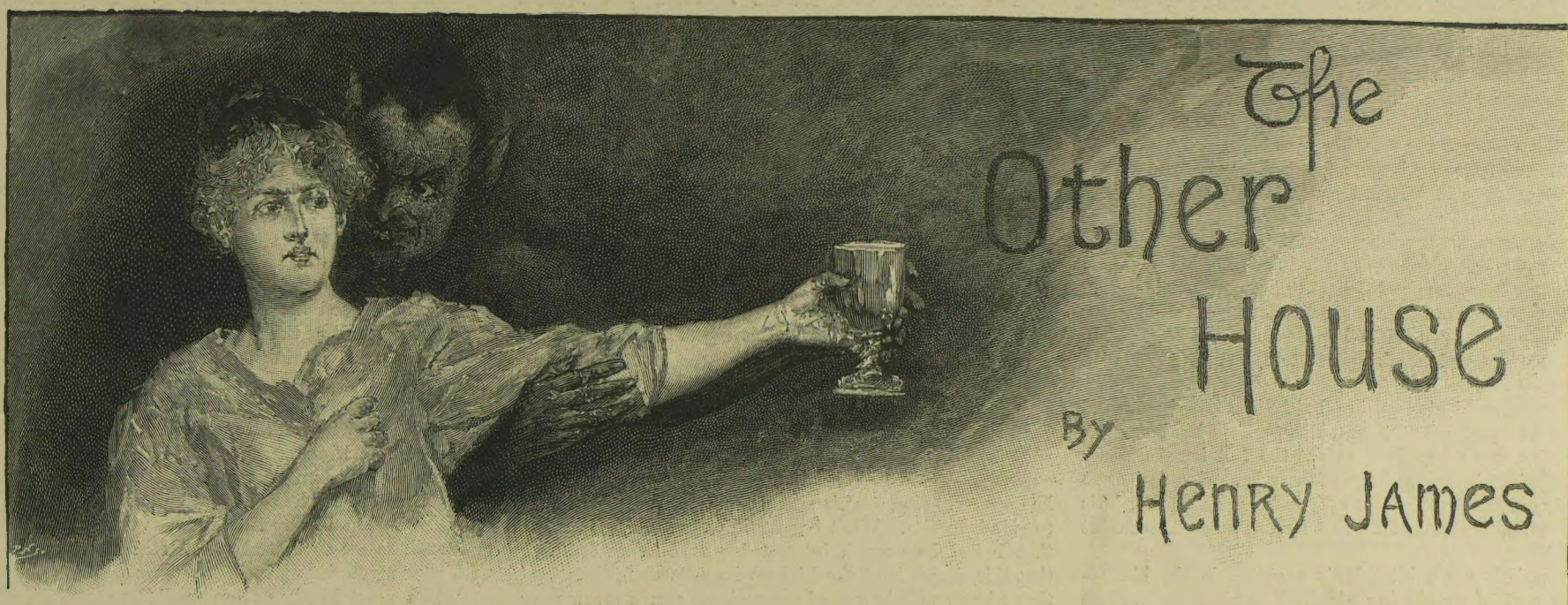


G. MONTBARD.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—THE HEADQUARTERS AT FERKET: WATERING CAMELS AND HORSES.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.*





ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## XVIII.

Conscious of the importance of not letting his nervousness show, Tony had no sooner pointlessly risen than he took possession of another chair. He dropped the question of Effie's security, remembering there was a prior one as to which he had still to justify himself. He brought it back with an air of indulgence which scarcely disguised, however, its present air of irrelevance. "I'll gladly call you, my dear Rose, anything you like, but you mustn't think I've been capricious or disloyal. I addressed you, of old—at the last—in the way in which it seemed most natural to address so close a friend of my wife's. But I somehow think of you here now rather as a friend of my own."

"And that makes me so much more distant?" Rose asked, twirling her parasol.

Tony, whose plea had been quite extemporised, felt a slight confusion, which his laugh but inadequately covered. "I seem to have uttered a *bêtise*—but I haven't. I only mean that a different title belongs, somehow, to a different character."

"I don't admit my character to be different," Rose said; "save perhaps in the sense of its having become a little intensified. If I was here before as Julia's friend, I'm here still more as Julia's friend now."

Tony meditated, with all his candour; then he gave a highly cordial, even if a slightly illogical assent. "Of course you are—from your own point of view." He evidently only wanted to meet her as far on the way to a quiet life as he could manage. "Dear little Julia!" he exclaimed in a manner which, as soon as he had spoken, he felt to be such a fresh piece of pointlessness that, to carry it off, he got up again.

"Dear little Julia!" Rose echoed, speaking out loud and clear, but with an expression which, unlike Tony's, would have left on the mind of an ignorant auditor no doubt of its conveying a reference to the forgotten dead.

Tony strolled towards the hammock. "May I smoke a cigarette?" She approved with a gesture that was almost impatient, and while he lighted he pursued with friendly gaiety: "I'm not going to allow you to pretend that you doubt of my having dreamed for years of the pleasure of seeing you here again, or of the diabolical ingenuity that I exercised to enable your visit to take place in the way most convenient to both of us. You used to say the Queen-mother disliked you. You see to-day how much!"

"She has ended by finding me useful," said Rose. "That brings me exactly to what I told you just now I wanted to say to you."

Tony had gathered the loose net of the hammock into a single strand and, while he smoked, had lowered himself upon it, sideways, in a posture which made him sit as in a swing. He looked surprised and even slightly disconcerted, like a man asked to pay twice. "Oh, it isn't then what you did say—?"

"About your use of my name? No, it isn't that—it's something quite different." Rose waited; she stood before him as she had stood before her previous interlocutor. "It's to let

you know the interest I take in Paul Beaver. I take the very greatest."

"You do?" said Tony, approvingly. "Well, you might go in for something worse!"

He spoke with a cheerfulness that covered all the ground; but she repeated the words as if challenging their sense. "I might 'go in'—?"

Her accent struck a light from them, put in an idea that



"I'll gladly call you, my dear Rose, anything you like."



had not been Tony's own. Thus presented, the idea seemed happy, and, in his uncontrollable restlessness, his face more vividly brightening, he rose to it with a zeal that brought him for a third time to his feet. He smiled ever so kindly, and before he could measure his words or his manner, broke out: "If you only really *would*, you know, my dear Rose!"

In a quicker flash he became aware that, as if he had dealt her a blow in the face, her eyes had filled with tears. It made the taste of his joke too bad. "Are you gracefully suggesting that I shall carry Mr. Beaver off?" she demanded.

"Not from *me*, my dear—never!" Tony blushed and felt how much there was to rectify in some of his impulses. "I think a lot of him and I want to keep my hand on him. But I speak of him frankly, always, as a prize, and I want something awfully good to happen to him. If *you* like him," he hastened laughingly to add, "of course it does happen—I see!"

He attenuated his meaning, but he had already exposed it, and he could perceive that Rose, with a kind of tragic perversity, was determined to get the full benefit, whatever it might be, of her impression or her grievance. She quickly did her best to look collected. "You think he's safe then, and solid, and not so stupid as he strikes one at first?"

"Stupid?—not a bit. He's a statue in the block—he's a sort of slumbering giant. The right sort of tact will call him to life, the right sort of hand will work him out of the stone."

"And it escaped you just now, in a moment of unusual expansion, that the right sort are mine?"

Tony puffed away at his cigarette, smiling at her resolutely through its light smoke. "You do injustice to my attitude about you. There isn't an hour of the day that I don't indulge in some tribute or other to your great ability."

Again there came into the girl's face her strange alternative look—the look of being made by her passion so acquainted with pain that even in the midst of it she could flower into charity. Sadly and gently she shook her head. "Poor Tony!" Then she added in quite a different tone: "What do you think of the difference of our ages?"

"Yours and Paul's? It isn't worth speaking of!"

"That's sweet of you—considering that he's only twenty-two. However, I'm not yet thirty," she went on; "and, of course, to gain time, one might press the thing hard." She hesitated again; after which she continued: "It's awfully vulgar, this way, to put the dots on the *i*'s, but as it was you, and not I, who began it, I may ask if you really believe that if one *should* make a bit of an effort—?" And she invitingly paused, to leave him to complete a question as to which it was natural she should feel a delicacy.

Tony's face, for an initiated observer, would have shown that he was by this time watching for a trap; but it would also have shown that, after a moment's further reflection, he didn't particularly care if the trap should catch him. "If you take such an interest in Paul," he replied, with no visible abatement of his preference for the standpoint of pleasantry, "you can calculate better than I the natural results of drawing him out. But what I can assure you is that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you so happily 'established,' as they say—so honourably married, so affectionately surrounded and so thoroughly protected."

"And all alongside of you, here?" cried Rose.

Tony faltered, but he went on. "It's precisely your being 'alongside' of one that would enable one to see you."

"It would enable one to see *you*—it would have that particular merit," said Rose. "But my interest in Mr. Beaver hasn't at all been of a kind to prompt me to turn the possibility over for myself. You can readily imagine how far I should have been in that case from speaking of it to you. The defect of your charming picture," she presently added, "is that an important figure is absent from it."

"An important figure?"

"Jean Martle."

Tony looked at the tip of his cigarette. "You mean because there was at one time so much planning and plotting over the idea that she should make a match with Paul?"

"At one time, my dear Tony?" Rose exclaimed. "There's exactly as much as ever, and I'm already—in these mere three weeks—in the very thick of it! Did you think the question had been quite dropped?" she inquired.

Paul faced her serenely enough—in part because he felt the extreme importance of so doing. "I simply haven't heard much about it. Mrs. Beaver used to talk about it. But she hasn't talked of late."

"She talked, my dear man, no more than half an hour ago!" Rose replied.

Tony winced; but he stood bravely up; his cigarettes were an extreme resource. "Really? And what did she say to you?"

"She said nothing to *me*—but she said everything to her son. She said to him, I mean, that she'll never forgive him if she doesn't hear from him an hour or two hence that he has at last successfully availed himself, with Miss Martle, of this auspicious day, as well as of the fact that

he's giving her, in honour of it, something remarkably beautiful."

Tony listened with marked attention, but without meeting his companion's eyes. He had again seated himself in the hammock, with his feet on the ground and his head thrown back; and he smoked freely, holding it with either hand. "What is he giving her?" he asked after a moment.

Rose turned away; she mechanically did something at the table. "Shouldn't you think she'd show it to you?" she threw over her shoulder.

While this shoulder, sensibly cold for the instant, was presented he watched her. "I daresay—if she accepts it." The girl faced him again. "And won't she accept it?"

"Only—I should say—if she accepts *him*."

"And won't she do that?"

Tony made a "ring" with his cigarette. "The thing will be for him to get her to."

"That's exactly," said Rose, "what I want *you* to do."

"Me?" He now stared at her. "How can I?"

"I won't undertake to tell you how—I'll leave that to your ingenuity. Wouldn't it be a matter—just an easy extension—of existing relations? You saw just now that he appealed to her for his chance, and that she consented to give it to him. What I wanted you to hear from me is that I feel how much interested you'll be in learning that this chance is of the highest importance for him, and that I know with how good a conscience you'll throw your weight into the scale of his success."

"My weight with the young lady? Don't you rather exaggerate my weight?" Tony asked.

"That question can only be answered by your trying it. It's a situation in which not to take an interest is—well, not *your* duty, you know," said Rose.

Tony gave a smile which he felt to be a little pale; but there was still good-humour in the tone in which he protestingly and portentously murmured: "Oh, my 'duty'—!"

"Surely; if you see no objection to poor Mrs. Beaver's at last gathering the fruit of the tree she long ago so fondly and so carefully planted. Of course, if you should frankly tell me you see one that I don't know—!" She looked ingenuous and hard. "Do you, by chance, see one?"

"None at all. I've never known a tree of Mrs. Beaver's of which the fruit hasn't been sweet."

"Well, in the present case—sweet or bitter!—it's ready to fall. This is the hour the years have pointed to. You think highly of Paul—"

Tony Bream took her up. "And I think highly of Jean, and therefore I must see them through? I catch your meaning. But have you—in a matter composed, after all, of ticklish elements—thought of the danger of one's meddling?"

"A great deal." A troubled vision of this danger dawned even now in Rose's face. "But I've thought still more of one's possible prudence—one's occasional tact." Tony, for a moment, made no reply; he quitted the hammock and began to stroll about. Her anxious eyes followed him, and presently she brought out: "Have you really been supposing that they've given it up?"

Tony remained silent; but at last he stopped short, and there was an effect of returning from an absence in the way he abruptly demanded: "That who have given up what?"

"That Mrs. Beaver and Paul have given up what we're talking about—the idea of his union with Jean."

Tony hesitated. "I haven't been supposing anything at all!" Rose recognised the words for the first he had ever uttered to her that expressed even a shade of irritation, and she was unable to conceal that she felt, on the spot, how memorable this fact was to make them. Tony's immediate glance at her showed equally that he had instantly become aware of their so affecting her. He did, however, nothing to modify the impression: he only stood a moment looking across the river; after which he observed quietly: "Here she is—on the bridge."

He had walked nearer to the stream, and Rose had moved back to the tea-table, from which the view of the bridge was obstructed. "Has she brought the child?" she asked.

"I don't make out—she may have her by the hand." He approached again, and as he came he said: "Your idea is really that I should speak to her now?"

"Before she sees Paul?" Rose met his eyes; there was a quick anguish of uncertainty in all her person. "I leave that to you—since you cast a doubt on the safety of your doing so. I leave it," said Rose, "to your judgment—I leave it to your honour."

"To my honour?" Tony wondered with a showy jerk of his head what the deuce his honour had to do with it.

She went on without heeding him. "My idea is only that, whether you speak to her or not, she shall accept him. Gracious heavens, she *must*!" Rose broke out with passion.

"You take an immense interest in it!" Tony laughed.

"Take the same, then, yourself, and the thing will come off." They stood a minute looking at each other, and more passed between them than had ever passed before. The result of it was that Rose had a drop from her strenuous height to sudden and beautiful gentleness. "Tony Bream, I trust you."

She had uttered the word in a way that had the power

to make him flush. He answered peaceably, however, laughing again: "I hope so, my dear Rose!" Then in a moment he added: "I *will* speak." He glanced again at the circuitous path from the bridge, but Jean had not yet emerged from the shrubbery by which it was screened. "If she brings Effie, will you take her?"

With her ominous face the girl considered. "I'm afraid I can't do that."

Tony gave a gesture of impatience. "Good God, how you stand off from the poor little thing!"

Jean at this moment came into sight without the child. "I shall never take her from *her*!" And Rose Armiger turned away.

## XIX.

Tony went toward his messenger, who, as she saw Rose apparently leaving the garden, pressing called out: "Would *you*, Miss Armiger, very kindly go over for Effie? She wasn't even yet ready," she explained as she came back up the slope with her friend, "and I was afraid to wait after promising Paul to meet him."

"He's not here, you see," said Tony; "it's he who, most ungallantly, makes you wait. Never mind; you'll wait with *me*." He looked at Rose as they overtook her. "Will you go and bring the child, as our friend here asks, or is such an act as that also, and still more, inconsistent with your mysterious principles?"

"You must kindly excuse me," Rose said directly to Jean. "I've a letter to write in the house. Now or never—I must catch the post."

"Don't let us keep you, then," Tony returned. "I'll go over myself—as soon as Paul comes back."

"I'll send him straight out." And Rose Armiger retired in good order.

Tony followed her with his eyes; then he exclaimed: "It's, upon my soul, as if she couldn't trust herself—!" His remark, which he checked, dropped into a snap of his fingers while Jean Martle wondered.

"To do what?" she asked.

Tony hesitated. "To do nothing! The child's all right?"

"Perfectly right. It's only that the great Gorham has decreed that she's to have her usual little supper before she comes, and that, with her ribbons and frills all covered with an enormous bib, Effie had just settled down to that extremely solemn function."

Tony, in his turn, wondered. "Why shouldn't she have her supper here?"

"Ah, you must ask the great Gorham!"

"And didn't *you* ask her?"

"I did better—I divined her," said Jean. "She doesn't trust our kitchen."

Tony laughed. "Does she apprehend poison?"

"She apprehends what she calls 'sugar and spice.'"

"And all that's nice?" Well, there's too much that's nice here, certainly! Leave the poor child, then, like the little princess you all make of her, to her cook and her 'taster,' to the full rigour of her royalty, and stroll with me here till Paul comes out to you." He looked at his watch and about at the broad garden where the shadows of the trees were still and the long afternoon had grown rich. "This is remarkably peaceful, and there's plenty of time." Jean concurred with a murmur as soft as the stir of the breeze, a "Plenty, plenty," as serene as if, to oblige Tony Bream, so charming a day would be sure to pause in its passage. They went a few steps, but he stopped again with a question. "Do you know what Paul wants of you?"

Jean looked a moment at the grass by her feet. "I think I do." Then raising her eyes without shyness, but with unqualified gravity, "Do *you* know, Mr. Bream?" she asked.

"Yes—I've just now heard."

"From Miss Armiger?"

"From Miss Armiger. She appears to have had it from Paul himself."

The girl gave out her mild surprise. "Why has he told her?"

Tony hesitated. "Because she's such a good person to tell things to."

"Is it her immediately telling them again that makes her so?" Jean inquired with a faint smile.

Faint as this smile was, Tony met it as if he had been struck by it, and as if, indeed, in the midst of an acquaintance which four years had now consecrated, he had not quite got used to being struck. That acquaintance had practically begun, on an unforgettable day, with his opening his eyes on her from an effort which had been already then the effort to forget—his suddenly taking her in as he lay on the sofa in his hall. From the way he sometimes looked at her it might have been judged that he had even now not taken her in completely—that the act of slow, charmed apprehension had yet to melt into accepted knowledge. It had in truth been made continuous by the continuous expansion of its object. If the sense of lying there on the sofa still sometimes came back to Tony, it was because he was interested in not interrupting by a rash motion the process taking place in the figure before him, the capricious rotation by which the woman peeped out of the child and the child peeped out of the woman. There was no point at which it had begun, and none at which it would end, and it was a



thing to gaze at with an attention refreshingly baffled. The frightened child had become a tall, slim nymph on a cloud, and yet there had been no moment of anything so gross as catching her in the act of change. If there had been, he would have met it with some punctual change of his own; whereas it was his luxurious idea—or had been up to now—that in the midst of the difference so delightfully ambiguous he was free just *not* to change, free to remain as he was and go on liking her on trivial grounds. It had seemed to him that there was no one he had ever liked whom he could like quite so comfortably: a man of his age had had what he rather loosely called the “usual” flashes of fondness. There had been no worrying question of the light this particular flash might kindle; he had never had to ask himself what his appreciation of Jean Martle might lead to. It would lead to exactly nothing—that had been settled, all round, in advance. This was a happy, lively provision that kept everything down, made sociability a cool, public, out-of-door affair, without a secret or a mystery—confined it, as one might say, to the breezy, sunny forecourt of the temple of friendship, forbidding it any dream of access to the obscure and comparatively stuffy interior. Tony had acutely remarked to himself that a thing could be led to only when there was a practicable road. As present to him to-day as on that other day was the little hour of violence—so strange and sad and sweet—which, in his life, had effectually suppressed any thoroughfare, making this expanse so pathless that, had he not been looking for a philosophic rather than a satiric term, he might almost have compared it to a desert. He answered his companion's inquiry about Rose's responsibility as an informant after he had satisfied himself that if she smiled exactly as she did it was only another illustration of a perfect instinct. That instinct, which at any time turned all talk with her away from flatness, told her that the right attitude for her now was the middle course between anxiety and resignation. “If Miss Armiger hadn't spoken,” he said, “I shouldn't have known. And of course I'm interested in knowing.”

“But why is she interested in your doing so?” Jean asked.

Tony walked on again. “She has several reasons. One of them is that she greatly likes Paul, and that, greatly liking him, she wishes the highest happiness conceivable for him. It occurred to her that as I greatly like a certain young lady, I might not unnaturally desire for that young lady a corresponding chance, and that with a hint,” laughed Tony, “that she really is about to have it, I might perhaps see my way to putting in a word for the dear boy in advance.”

The girl strolled beside him, looking quietly before her. “How does she know,” she demanded, “whom you ‘greatly like’?”

The question pulled him up a little, but he resisted the impulse, constantly strong in him, to stop again and stand face to face with her. He continued to laugh, and after an instant he replied: “Why, I suppose I must have told her.”

“And how many persons will she have told?”

“I don't care how many,” Tony said, “and I don't think you need care either. Every one but she—from lots of observation—knows we're good friends, and it's because that's such a pleasant old story with us all that I feel as if I might frankly say to you what I have on my mind.”

“About what Paul may have to say?”

“The first moment you let him.”

Tony was going on when she broke in: “How long have you had it on your mind?”

He found himself, at this inquiry, just a trifle embarrassed. “How long?”

“As it's only since Miss Armiger has told you that you've known there's anything in the air.”

This inquiry gave Tony such pause that he met it first with a laugh and then with a counter-appeal. “You make me feel dreadfully dense! Do you mind my asking how long you yourself have known that what may be in the air's on the point of alighting?”

“Why, since Paul spoke to me.”

“Just now—before you went to Bounds?” Tony wondered. “You were immediately sure that that's what he wants?”

“What else can he want? He doesn't want so much,” Jean added, “that there would have been many alternatives.”

“I don't know what you call ‘much’!” Again Tony wondered. “And it produces no more effect upon you—”

“Than I'm showing to you now?” the girl asked. “Do you think me dreadfully stolid?”

“No, because I know that, in general, what you show isn't at all the full measure of what you feel. You're a great little mystery. Still,” Tony blandly continued, “you

strike me as calm for a young lady whose fate's about to be sealed. Unless, of course, you've regarded it,” he added, “as sealed from far away back.”

They had strolled, in the direction they had followed, as far as they could go, and they necessarily stopped for a turn. Without taking up his last words Jean stood there and looked obscurely happy, as it seemed to him, at his recognition of her having appeared as quiet as she wished. “You haven't answered my question,” she simply said. “You haven't told me how long you've had it on your mind that you must say to me whatever it is you wish to say.”

“Why is it important I should answer it?”

“Only because you seemed positively to imply that the time of your carrying your idea about had been of the shortest. In the case of advice, if to advise is what you wish—”

“It is what I wish,” Tony interrupted; “strangely as it may strike you that, in regard to such a matter as we refer to, one should be eager for such a responsibility. The question of time doesn't signify—what signifies is one's sincerity. I had an impression, I confess, that the prospect I a good while ago supposed you have accepted had—what shall I call it?—rather faded away. But at



Tony invited his companion to resume their walk . . . Jean moved beside him.

the same time I hoped”—and Tony invited his companion to resume their walk—that it would charmingly come up again.”

Jean moved beside him and spoke with a colourless kindness which suggested no desire to challenge or cross-question, but a thoughtful interest in anything, in the connection in which they were talking, that he would be so good as to tell her, and an earnest desire to be clear about it. Perhaps there was also in her manner just the visible tinge of a confidence that he would tell her the absolute truth. “I see. You hoped it would charmingly come up again.”

“So that on learning that it is charmingly coming up, don't you see?” Tony laughed, “I'm so agreeably agitated that I spill over on the spot. I want without delay to be definite to you about the really immense opinion I have of dear Paul. It can't do any harm, and it may do a little good, to mention that it has always seemed to me that we've only got to give him time. I mean, of course, don't you know,” he added, “for him quite to distinguish himself.”

Jean was silent a little, as if she were thoroughly taking this home. “Distinguish himself in what way?” she asked with all her tranquillity.

“Well—in every way,” Tony handsomely replied. “He's full of stuff—there's a great deal of him: too much to come out all at once. Of course you know him—you've known him half your life; but I see him in a strong and

special light, a light in which he has scarcely been shown to you, and which puts him to a real test. He has ability; he has ideas; he has absolute honesty; and he has more-over a good stiff back of his own. He's a fellow of head; he's a fellow of heart. In short he's a man of gold.”

“He's a man of gold,” Jean repeated with punctual acceptance, yet as if it mattered much more that Tony should think so than that she should. “It would be odd,” she went on, “to be talking with you on a subject so personal to myself, if it were not that I've felt Paul's attitude for so long past to be rather publicly taken for granted. He has felt it so, too, I think, poor boy, and, for good or for ill, there has been in our situation very little mystery and perhaps not much modesty.”

“Why *should* there be, of the false kind, when even the true has nothing to do with the matter? You and Paul are great people: he's the heir-apparent, and you're the most eligible princess in the Almanach de Gotha. You can't be there and be hiding behind the window-curtain: you must step out on the balcony to be seen of the populace. Your most private affairs are affairs of state. At the smallest hint like the one I just mentioned, even an old dunderhead like me catches on—he sees the strong reasons for Paul's attitude. However, it's not of that, so much, that I wanted to say a word. I thought perhaps you'd just let me touch on your own.”

Tony hesitated; he felt vaguely disconcerted by the special quality of stillness that, though she moved beside him, her attention, her expectation put forth. It came over him that for the purpose of his plea she was almost too prepared, and this made him speculate. He stopped short again, and, uneasily, “May I light one more cigarette?” he asked. She assented with a flicker in her dim smile, and while he lighted he was increasingly conscious that she waited. He met the deep gentleness of her eyes and reflected afresh that if she was always beautiful, she was beautiful at different times from different sources. What was the source of the impression she made on him at this moment if not a kind of refinement of patience, in which she seemed actually to hold her breath? “In fact,” he said as he threw away his match, “I have touched on it—I mean on the great hope we all have that you do see your way to meeting our friend as he deserves.”

“You ‘all’ have it?” Jean softly asked.

Tony hesitated again. “I'm sure I'm quite right in speaking for Wilverley at large. It takes the greatest interest in Paul, and I needn't, at this time of day, remind you of the interest it takes in yourself. But I repeat, what I meant more particularly to utter was my own special confidence in your decision. Now that I'm fully enlightened, it comes home to me that, as regards such a possibility as your taking your place here as a near neighbour and a permanent friend”—and Tony fixedly smiled—“why, I can only feel the liveliest suspense. I want to make thoroughly sure of you!”

Jean took this in as she had taken the rest; after which she simply said: “Then I think I ought to tell you that I shall not meet Paul in the way that what you're so good as to say seems to point to.”

Tony had made many speeches, both in public and in private, and he had naturally been exposed to replies of the incisive no less than of the massive order. But no check of the current had ever made him throw back his head quite so far as this brief and placid announcement. “You'll not meet him—?”

“I shall never marry him.”

He undisguisedly gasped. “In spite of all the reasons—?”

“Of course I've thought the reasons over—often and often. But there are reasons on the other side too. I shall never marry him,” she repeated.

(To be continued.)

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SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: No. 1.—DAYBREAK ON THE TWELFTH.





THE TROUBLE IN CRETE; THE CHIEF PASS, SPHAKIA, THE MOUNTAIN RETREAT OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS,  
*from a Photograph supplied by a Correspondent,*





Boxer (Destroyer). Iris (Torpedo-boat Convoy). Bruiser (Destroyer).  
OFF MILFORD HAVEN: ATTACK ON TORPEDO FLOTILLA, JULY 25.



Ferret. Banshee. Hunter.  
NORTH HAVEN, NEAR MILFORD HAVEN, JULY 29.



CLOSE OF THE MANOEUVRES: THE ROYAL SALUTE OFF OSBORNE, AUGUST 3.



BRITANNIA. MAJESTIC (Flag). AILSA. ROYAL SOVEREIGN. ALBERTA. REPULSE. ELFIN.  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD, AUGUST 4.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It appears that the other day there was found in a curiosity shop at Florence a document showing that on March 2, 1570, Torquato Tasso had pledged with a certain Abraham Levi his father's (Torquato's) sword, four sheets, and a table-cover for the sum of 25 lire, about 20s. of our money. The contemporary which informs us of this fact, and which calls the document a pawn-ticket—a misnomer assuredly in this instance—endeavours to awaken our pity for the poverty of the poet, which this visit to his "uncle" implied.

I, for one, decline to have my feelings harrowed in that way. The stories about Torquato Tasso, especially that one of his unhappy love affair with Leonora d'Este, have been proved so void of foundation as to make one particularly sceptical. I do not for one moment dispute the authenticity of the so-called pawn-ticket, and do not overlook the humble nature of the articles offered as a security, which at the first blush would lead one to suppose that the more valuable belongings of the young poet had already found their way into the hands of the Florentine "uncle"; but I beg to doubt whether poverty, such as we understand it, impelled either this visit or preceding ones to the "pop-shop." I am under the impression that the six-and-

published five years later (1575), the poet had at the time of the transaction on record been for five years at the Court of Alfonso II. of Ferrara, and the next year accompanied Alfonso's brother, the Cardinal Ludovico d'Este, to the Court of Charles IX. of France.

But even granted that the future author of "Jerusalem Delivered" was miserably poor at the time, there would be little or nothing to wonder at. It would, perhaps, be a cause for regret, just as I pointed out the other day in the case of François Millet, the painter of "The Angelus." If, at the outset of his career, the man of genius found his path bestrewn with roses instead of thorns, that path would be so crowded by those who fancy themselves geniuses that the real genius would be driven from it, and the world would probably be the poorer by the loss of his works. "Poverty is a crucible, into which Society flings a man each time the world is in want of a heinous criminal or a sublime pioneer." Thus wrote Victor Hugo, or words to this effect. If Goldsmith had had an abundance of money, "The Vicar of Wakefield" would perhaps not have been written at all, or, if written, not have seen the light, for instead of the £60 Dr. Johnson secured for it, Goldsmith would have been too lazy to seek a publisher, and it would have been stowed away in a cupboard, or else would have asked such a price that no publisher of that

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's approaching visit to Ireland is exciting much interest. He is to preach at the reopening of the Cathedral of St. Brigid in Kildare on Sept. 22. He will also preach in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and address a meeting at Dublin on behalf of the Kildare Cathedral restoration fund. There is a debt of £1000. After his visit to Dublin the Archbishop of Canterbury will be the guest of Archbishop Alexander at Armagh, and on his way northward he will stay with Lord Macnaghten.

The Bishops are like other people, taking holiday. The Bishops of London, Lincoln, Liverpool, and Rochester will all be away during August.

The minimum income required for reconstituting the see of Bristol has been provided, and a house has been given as a residence for the future Bishop; but to adapt it and to erect a chapel a further sum of £5000 is required. It is hoped that this may be raised by Christmas next. The Dean of Gloucester has been mentioned for the new bishopric, but this is obviously very premature.

In addressing the Nonconformist ministers whom he entertained at Hartlebury Castle, the Bishop of Worcester said there were three great points of union between them—



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.—CHOLERA IN THE CAMP: BURNING RUBBISH ON THE BANK OF THE NILE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

twenty-years-old poet had been outrunning the constable—not a difficult thing to do, perhaps, for a young fellow "festively inclined" at the Court of the Duke of Ferrara.

I know of another historical "pawn-ticket," though not so interesting, which is preserved in the Archives of Monaco. The transaction is for a much greater amount than a mere 25 lire. It is an acknowledgment from Anthony I., the last of the direct line of the Grimaldis, I believe, for 51,264 lire and 18 sols, which he had received from Josef Capello, of Genoa, as a temporary loan on the family jewels. What struck me particularly was the 18 sols, which would go far to prove that the "penny for the ticket" of the modern pawnbroker is no new invention. But I would no more dream of becoming soft-hearted at the sight of this piece of paper than I would at the sight of a similar one signed by Philippe d'Orléans, the husband of Charles the First's daughter, for even a larger sum.

For I happen to know why Louis the Fourteenth's brother wanted the money. Madame de Sévigné tells us plainly enough that he had lost it "at cards." I strongly suspect that Anthony Grimaldi also wanted the money to pay a gambling debt. The amount received by Tasso was too small to breed such a suspicion, but he may have had "a particular appointment" on the night of March 2, 1570, and have wanted the 25 lire to fee the confidential servant who either played the part of watchman or introduced him to the presence of his innamorata.

At any rate, I refuse to take the document as evidence of Tasso's poverty. Although his masterpiece was only

time, except at the risk of ruining himself, could have afforded to pay.

If Alexandre Dumas the elder, instead of having to slave for a pittance in the Audit Office of the Duke d'Orléans (afterwards Louis Philippe), had had a better-paid employment, he would have patiently waited for the production of his first play, "Christine," at the Comédie Française. As it was, the delay reduced him and his mother to the verge of poverty. He cast about for another plot and found that of "Henri III. et sa Cour," which, on the first night of its production, placed him in the front rank of modern dramatists. I might go on quoting. I think I have said enough to show that poverty at the outset of his career is not so great a curse to the man of genius as the world imagines.

I said "at the outset of his career." When once he has proved himself a genius, if only by the publication of one work, means should be found to shield him for ever from want; for this work of genius is his contribution to humanity's progress, and may have been disposed of for a mere pittance. He may never write another like it. A Porson or a Smollett, be he what he may in private life, should not be allowed to drag out his existence in wretchedness. In Tasso's time the responsibility of preventing this was undertaken by princes and nobles. Patronage to the poet and scholar was, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, not so degrading to him as the exactions of a bookseller—of a Jacob Tonson to Dryden for instance. This is why I refuse to shed tears over Tasso's "pawn-ticket."

their mission work, their co-operation in the revised version of the Bible, and their hymn-books, to whose rich stores all Churches had contributed.

The Bishop of Salisbury has been warning Churchmen in his diocese against gambling at Monte Carlo. He deprecates the attendance of English clergymen at the concerts and rooms of the gambling establishment there.

Dean Farrar is writing his reminiscences. They will appear in a new magazine to be started by the Rev. Silas K. Hocking, a Methodist minister, who has written many novels.

Canon Gore has received the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh. He was described by Professor Taylor as "perhaps the most eminent representative of the school of contemporary English theology which aimed at presenting the Catholic faith and Church principles so as to show that they had nothing to fear from the results of modern criticism and modern science, and which with special earnestness sought to apply Christian truth to the present needs and circumstances of society."

Trinity College, Glenalmond, is making satisfactory progress. Among its old pupils is the present Viceroy of India. Glenalmond is in the district made famous by Ian Maclaren as "Drumtochty."

It is said that the Church authorities are now inclined to demand aid from the rates for voluntary schools.

There is a strong feeling in the North that the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, whose high claims have been strangely neglected, should receive the position left vacant by the death of the Archdeacon of Westmorland.





COUNTRY NOTES.

COUNTRY GIRL: *They say 'ow Joe Wiggins 'ave died of consumption. Seems strange, don't it, when there ain't none in the family?*

OLD WOMAN: *Lor, bless yer, that doan't make no odds. Why, my 'usband's brother's first wife's aunt died of gastric fever, an' I knows they never 'ad any gas in the 'ouse, they always burned dips.*



# THE VISIT OF LI-HUNG-CHANG TO ENGLAND

The eminent Chinese statesman and envoy, his Excellency Li-Hung-Chang—or Li-Chung-Tang, to give him the more correct title, of which the public has been somewhat tardily informed, seeing that his less respectful designation is already a household word—has established himself within our gates as a very distinct personage, and his doings have for some days past attracted considerable attention, especially in the Metropolis.

It can hardly be said that much public interest has been aroused by the diplomatic bearing of the veteran Viceroy's visit to this country, for but little is known of his objects beyond the fact that he hopes to effect an increase in the Chinese tariff, and he himself disarmed surmise at the outset by his polite assertion that it would be a breach of diplomatic etiquette precisely to define his mission to anyone but our Foreign Minister. His Excellency's visit has attracted the appreciative interest of the mere man in the street by the pleasant touch of colour which it has imparted to the dull drab of London; for the picturesque effect of this sudden incursion of distinguished Celestials into the monotony of London's life is undeniable. Lord Lonsdale's fine mansion in Carlton House Terrace, temporarily transformed into a residence for his Excellency, has given the keynote to a very effective harmony in the yellow flag and dragon of China which has been hung over its porch. The attire of Li-Hung-Chang and his suite is rich and curious, and the yellow jacket which betokens his Excellency's exalted office, together with his celebrated peacock's feather and the red button on his cap proclaiming his lofty rank as a mandarin, have been the centre of the admiring gaze of the Londoner, who can appreciate good colouring when he sees it. Fortunately, the picturesque appearance of the Chinese Minister and his party has not been marred by anything too commonplace in their equipage, for Lord Lonsdale's yellow- and -black carriages, with the yellow liveries and tall white hats of their coachmen and postillions, have conformed to the Chinese scheme of colour as though designed for the purpose.

His Excellency's first day in London happened to be Bank Holiday, and was therefore spent in no more arduous occupation than a drive through Hyde Park and some of the chief thoroughfares of the West-End. The next day brought his interesting visit to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office and his inspection of the Houses of Parliament, already briefly recorded in our last issue. His visit to the Premier accomplished, the Grand Secretary proceeded to the House of Commons. His Excellency seemed much pleased with the cordiality of his reception by the Members, who, in turn, could not fail to be impressed by the courteous dignity and the keen, alert intelligence of the Grand Old Man of China. From the House of Commons Li-Hung-Chang was escorted across the outer Lobby to the House of Lords, from which he departed, after a brief inspection, by the Norman Porch.

With the following day, Wednesday, came what will doubtless remain the most memorable incident of the Grand

Secretary's sojourn in this country—namely, his visit to the Queen at Osborne. As is the custom when foreign envoys travel to an audience with her Majesty, his Excellency was conveyed to Victoria Station in one of the royal landaus, the servants in attendance wearing her Majesty's livery, and the members of his immediate staff followed in two similar carriages. At Portsmouth Li-Hung-Chang was received by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Edmund

served to the distinguished visitors soon after their arrival, and the Chinese Envoy was subsequently presented to her Majesty in the drawing-room by Lord Salisbury, who had preceded him to Osborne, the Prince of Wales being present throughout the interview. Later in the afternoon his Excellency was escorted back to Portsmouth, being again saluted on his return, and drove to the Royal Pier Hotel, Southsea, where a suite of seventeen rooms was in readiness.

The next morning Li-Hung-Chang was abroad early, and after receiving a deputation of the municipal authorities of Portsmouth, proceeded to his inspection of the Dockyard, accompanied by Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon. His Excellency subsequently had an interview with Mr. Goschen at Admiralty House and returned to London in the evening.

On Aug. 8 the Chinese Envoy completely won the popular enthusiasm by his payment of a most graceful tribute to the memory of General Gordon, for whom the Chinese statesman has ever cherished a great regard. Early in the morning his Excellency drove to the statue of Gordon in Trafalgar Square, and laid upon its pedestal a beautiful wreath of laurel and flowers bearing the inscription, "To the soldier and friend of China. A tribute of respect from Li-Hung-Chang." When one of his suite had affixed the wreath his Excellency advanced and made a deep obeisance to the statue. Li-Hung-Chang then drove to St. Paul's Cathedral, where he was met by Canon Newbolt, and a small procession was formed to the black marble cenotaph commemorating General Gordon. Another magnificent wreath had already been placed upon the tomb, at which Li-Hung-Chang now bowed himself twice. The pious tributes to Gordon's memory and the simple modesty with which they were made will not readily be forgotten by Englishmen. In the afternoon of the same day the Grand Secretary journeyed to Hatfield House, where a garden-party was given in his honour by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury. Li-Hung-Chang and his suite travelled to Hatfield by special train, and were met at the station by Viscount Cranborne, M.P., Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., and the Hon. Sidney Greville. The Chinese Envoy was driven to Hatfield House in Lord Salisbury's state carriage, drawn by four horses with postillions and preceded by outriders. Lord Salisbury awaited his Excellency at the armoury entrance, and presented him



HIS EXCELLENCY LI-HUNG-CHANG.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Fremantle, Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and other naval officers, and as he stepped aboard the royal yacht *Alberta* a salute of nineteen guns was fired from the flag-ship *Victory*, and the welcome was repeated by the fleet off Spithead as the *Alberta* passed outward. The course taken lay between the lines of ships, that his Excellency might the more closely observe the fleet as he sat on deck. On arrival at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, the Grand Secretary and his suite were conveyed to Osborne in royal carriages, under a guard of honour formed by blue-jackets from the *Victoria* and *Albert*. Luncheon was

to Lady Salisbury. The Grand Secretary was wheeled in a bath chair on to the east terrace, where a tent had been erected for his use alone. The more distinguished members of the great assemblage were presented to his Excellency, among them the Archduchess Stéphanie, who chatted with the Viceroy for some minutes. In addition to his usual insignia, Li-Hung-Chang wore the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, presented to him by the Queen. His Excellency's promised visits to some of the chief provincial towns are now claiming fulfilment, but he will return to London before leaving England on Aug. 22.



Gordon Boy. Sir Evelyn Butler. Sir Francis Grenfell. Dr. Simpson. Sir J. Linton Simmons. Chinese Newbell. Interpreter. Verger. Li-Hung-Chang.



HIS EXCELLENCY LI-HUNG-CHANG AT THE MONUMENT OF GENERAL GORDON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.





HIS EXCELLENCY LI-HUNG-CHANG AT THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY IN HIS HONOUR AT HATFIELD HOUSE.





COUNTRY NOTES.

WILLIAM'S MASTER: *I hope you enjoyed the cold tea I sent you out, William.*

WILLIAM: *Ah! it ain't like beer, Sir; ye can drink quart after quart on 't and ye don't seem ter feel yerself gettin' any forrade.*



## THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

"I'll have your hat" sounds like a vulgarity, but it has just been uttered in my hearing by a girl quite above such reproach, and it has set me wondering whether the exchange of one's clothing is not after all a legitimate occupation for a dismal grey summer's afternoon, when the calendar forbids us to have a fire, and the east wind as positively



PLAID SKIRT WITH CHEVIOT COAT.

forbids us to go out of doors. It is a very common practice, by the way, to buy your clothes from your friends, but it sometimes leads us into rather awkward places when we have bought a skirt from Elsie, which she vows she has never had on, and Maud observes, after scrutinising it severely, "I say, how did you come by Elsie's skirt?" Such an accident happened to me not long ago when I was spending the day in the country, and had arrived in most elegant attire, to be asked at a moment's notice to take part in a Gynkana; and, of course, I had to borrow a skirt, and one of the competitors nearly threw me off my seat by exclaiming almost in my ear as she passed me: "Haven't you got Mrs. A's skirt on?" She was a very rude little person that competitor; she even won the race from me; but the possibility of such an observation should not have been placed within her power. It is an ugly practice, perhaps, when you come to consider it seriously—buying clothes from each other; it is legitimate, maybe, when we have secured some wonderful bargain at a sale only to find that it is absolutely useless to us, and to discover that it is the idol our best friend has been seeking in vain. I know a girl who has made several shillings this year by illicit trading. She purchased a hat with a white straw crown and a shot blue and green brim trimmed with blue and green quills for the sum of fifteen shillings, wore it for two or three weeks—when, by the way, it was always crooked, for she never contrived to pin it on at its correct angle—and then, while on a visit to a girl up at Sonning, she sold it to her for twenty-five shillings, and had the gracelessness to tell me of the transaction with glee. But why am I discussing or thinking of such practices, I wonder, when I really ought to be meditating upon the pure joys of the moors and the best frocks in which to enjoy them?

That is a very good dress sketched on this page, made with a dark green plaid skirt and a drab cheviot coat and a blue cloth waistcoat with a small green line in it. Such a dress as this would be more serviceable if it had also a cape to complete it made of the drab cheviot and lined with the green plaid; then a small toque or Tam-o'-Shanter might put the finishing touch, and Russian leather boots and drab gaiters might further complete the costume. At last I have seen a decently fitting pair of drab gaiters—seen them, alas! only to discover they were made in Paris. I wonder why English people will not take the trouble to make these well for women. They looked so smart worn beneath a rather short navy blue kilt, which was set into a shaped band at the waist, and completed with an Eton coat of dark blue and a shirt of pale mauve: they formed a bicycling dress which might also be allowed to serve as a model for dress for the moors.

That other tweed gown sketched shades towards purple and is trimmed with little tabs and smoke-pearl buttons, which assume the virtue of fastening down the slightly gathered waistcoat of blue linen. The linen coats, worn with dark serge skirts, are wonderfully popular this year, especially those of the gendarme blue shade, but they put in their appearance mainly at the English watering-places; abroad, I hear, nothing but white is worn—white alpaca, white canvas, white linen, and white piqué, buff being the other prominent favourite of the Parisian fancy. I think this year the piqué dresses are better made than they have been previously, but then I hear that some of them, even under their plainest aspect, cost ten or twelve pounds, which even the extravagant must find an excessive sum for value received of fifteen yards of cotton.

White tulle veils always reappear during the summer over the water. These are swathed in many folds over the brim of a hat and under the ears, a practice which is only becoming to the complexion, never conducive to coolness. The white lace veil continues also on its career of popularity, but this is really not a comfortable possession either—it is so exceedingly difficult to see through the interstices of the lace even if it be of the finest quality.

A very thick make of white cloth forms the most expensive and the most attractive of the white dresses, and this will amiably submit to be cleaned several times; and, after all, is a better investment than the white piqué frocks. A white piqué dress I met recently which recalled the style of yesteryear showed a twirled design in black braid; this outlined a short bolero and the extreme hem of the rather narrow skirt. In spite of what other eminent persons may say, the skirts are somewhat narrower and the sleeves are somewhat smaller than they were, although we have not yet arrived at any great reform in our recent extensive measures. Large hats continue to be comparatively less, and white and black are a combination which deserves and receives patronage. A black and white striped silk skirt is a most valuable possession for those who take their jaunts abroad, for it will serve with a high white chiffon bodice for evening or day wear, will amiably adapt itself to a low black bodice, which should bear for its special adornment a deep décolletage of real white lace; and again it may be completed with a bodice of the striped silk cut in Louis Seize coat form, and a white satin waistcoat with a cream-coloured lace jabot. And can any reasonable woman expect a skirt to do more than attain perfection under three different bodices? An she can, she should not!

PAULINA PRY.

### NOTES.

The arrival in England of the Chinese Prime Minister of the last quarter of a century or so recalls to mind the fact that he has been the Lord Burleigh of the Chinese Queen Elizabeth. The Dowager Empress of China ruled the country, with the advice and assistance of our present visitor, for something like twenty years, and so maintained her position in the public eye and in the mind of the young Emperor in whose name she ruled that when his Majesty had legally come of age he issued a decree stating that he had begged the Empress to give him the advantage of her aid for a few years longer. When the Emperor was at last installed as the head of the State the occasion was marked by the issue of another imperial decree full of gratitude to the Empress for her labours; and only a few months ago certain high officials were formally and publicly rebuked for speaking disrespectfully of this lady, and told that they must, as a punishment, see their Emperor no more, since the services of the Empress to her country prevented the Emperor from judging it as a small matter for any persons to show her any other than respect. This remarkable woman, it is said, rose from the lower orders, and was married for her beauty and charm, and then proved herself thus capable of exercising imperial power—a story analogous to that of the first Empress Catherine of Russia, whom Peter the Great married from a kitchen and bequeathed his throne to at his decease.

It is truly remarkable how often women, when placed in a position of supreme power, have proved themselves conspicuously able sovereign rulers. It is comparatively seldom that such opportunities offer for women, and it is therefore not a little surprising that among those few successes have been so often found. It is the fact that in every race and time, if women have been allowed any royal power, the female sovereigns' names are recorded among the greatest of the rulers of the nation. Professor Flinders Petrie states that in the period of Egyptian history that is best known—between about sixteen hundred and a thousand years before Christ, which is, it seems, the most glorious part of the story of the ancient civilisation of Egypt—there were two Queens so great that for many centuries after their deaths they were adored as more than human. The war of independence that freed Egypt from the tyranny of certain Arab rulers was begun about the first of the dates given above; and the hero of this effort was succeeded on the throne by his daughter, the great Queen Nefertari. She is represented over and over again in the ancient monuments, and was so dark that she generally appears there as black. "Under her rule the freedom and prosperity of the country took a great onward step." It is singular that this record should be equally true under female rule of countries so diverse in every circumstance as ancient Egypt, modern Russia, England, and China; yet we all know it was so with the second Catherine's reign in Russia, and our own Elizabeth's and Victoria's; and as regards China, though it is still "barbarian" and conservative, yet Li-Hung-Chang and his Empress have done as much towards opening it to Western knowledge and ideas as could be accomplished in one generation.

A mild communication has been addressed by the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade to the railway companies in connection with the recent extraordinary attack by a Salvation Army member on a lady in a Brighton train. Sir Courtenay Boyle gently suggests that the companies may perhaps once more consider the possibility of providing corridor carriages for third class passengers, and also that the companies should cause the guards and porters to make known to ladies travelling alone that they may have a carriage reserved for ladies only if they desire. He remembers, however, that when this latter plan was tried some years ago, after the occurrence of a similar dastardly outrage, the "timid" sex could not be induced to avail itself generally of this protection.

This perverse unwillingness of women to travel in a "Ladies only" carriage has been supposed to indicate their affection for masculine society, even that of strange men on a journey. But the fact is that the ladies' carriage is always made uncomfortable. It is crowded to its full capacity by the guards, and ten women will be crushed together, with no place to put down a handbag and scarce room to breathe or change position, while the remainder of the train has abundance of room left. After the previous stir of this kind a distinct effort was made by the authorities to compel all ladies travelling alone to enter this one reserved carriage; and as I was then travelling a great deal (lecturing) I repeatedly was led past ten or twelve carriages with abundant vacant space, to the door of a carriage in which nine women were huddled up, and I was to make the tenth. I naturally always said with all the firmness possible, "I am not going in there, thank you"—not that I specially wished to be in the same railway carriage as men, but that I did distinctly prefer to risk the extremely distant chance of being shut up with a maniac or a villain of that sex to the absolutely certain misery of being crowded closely by other ladies for five or ten hours. Again, in these "ladies' carriages" it is almost inevitable that there shall be a baby, perchance two, or even more. Most women are fond of babies, but, poor mites, they are wretched, and make everybody else the same, in railway travelling; and the sour atmosphere and protracted squalling and fidgetting that they cause form a serious addition to the fatigues and trials of a journey.

So ladies prefer the small risk of travel with men to these certain miseries in the ladies' carriages. After all, assaults in railway carriages are not every-day occurrences. Men, as a rule, are not wild beasts. Indeed, I believe there is as great a necessity for "corridor carriages" being provided for the protection of men from blackmailing by vile women as there is for the reverse cases. But while awaiting the general adoption of the carriages with communication from end to end, the Board of Trade might



A TWEED GOWN.

enforce a rule for all the companies to adopt a uniform plan of fitting up the communicator, so that a person suddenly attacked may know by heart where to find and how to use it, and not have first to read whether it is a cord outside a window or one on the floor, or a knob against the wall of the carriage. A small window between every two carriages, so that the occupants of the adjoining one might be called on in an emergency, is also desirable.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.





1. The Landing-Steps of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

2. A Trial Spin.

YACHTING AT COWES.





1. The 21 Raters' Race—each Boat steered by a Lady.

2. Race for the Queen's Cup: the *Meteor* and *Britannia* passing Nelson's old Flag-ship, the *Foudroyant*.

3. Finish for the Queen's Cup: *Mohawk* winning on Time Allowance.

4. Race for the German Emperor's Cup: *Anemone* winning.

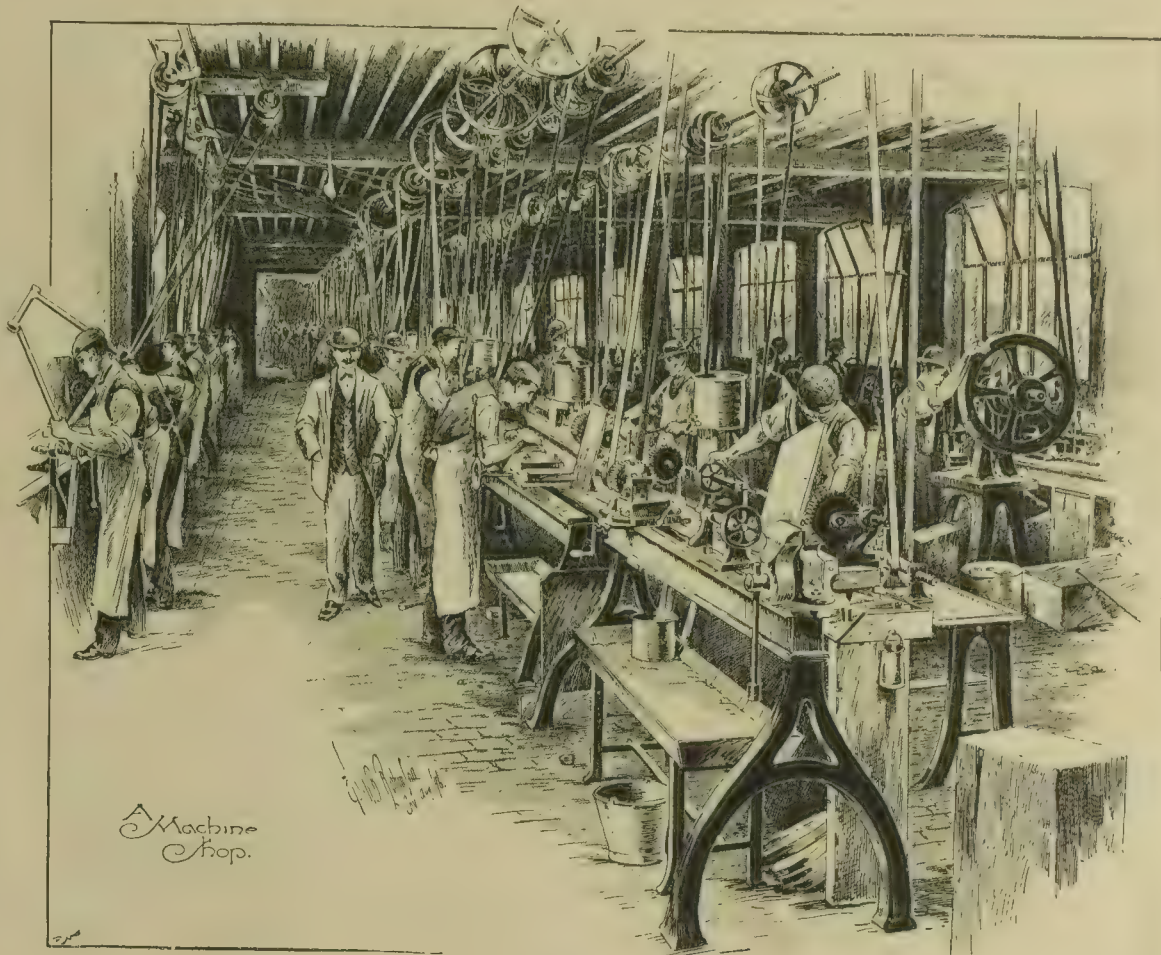
YACHTING AT COWES.



## THE PIONEER OF THE CYCLE INDUSTRY.

Coventry is not only a city of spires—it is a city of surprises. In no other town in the kingdom is the juxtaposition of the old and the new so marked as in this corner of Shakspeare's county. From the electric tram-car you step into the most magnificent and most venerable of parish churches. A stone's throw from a mediæval hospice rises a cycle manufactory—in fact, the pioneer factory of the industry; and certainly it would be difficult to find a more perfect establishment than that which has long enjoyed a world-wide reputation as the producer of the "Swift" machines, which have been favoured by the patronage of the Czar, the King of Siam, the Emperor of Morocco, the Empress of Austria, Princess Christian, and, not to prolong the formidable list, the Prince of Wales, and a dozen lesser imperial and royal lights. The Coventry Machinists' Company, which has found that "the race is to the 'Swift,'" is entitled to the proud distinction of being the oldest undertaking of the kind in the United Kingdom. As a manufacturing company it came into existence as far back as 1859, when it started the making of sewing-machines for the laudable purpose of giving employment to the large number of poverty-stricken creatures who were "thrown out" in consequence of the decline in the silk trade. In turn, the Machinists' Company itself suffered from the fierce competition of the United States, supplemented by the opposition of rival firms in Scotland and England. Then it was that the company began to build velocipedes of the "bone-shaker" pattern, soon to be replaced by the "spider wheel" and the rubber tyre, and thereafter by the bicycle which was the precursor of the perfect "Swift."

For several years past the managers of the company have been supplying the factory with the newest class of machinery, discarding the older-pattern tools and adopting new systems of manufacture, which not only tend in the direction of cheapness of production, but also ensure greater accuracy of make. Everything is watched for and procured which is likely to produce cycles of better quality than their predecessors. Those who stroll through the various shops of the Coventry Machinists' Company will not fail to notice that the latest automatic machinery has been put down, nor will they be uninformed (should

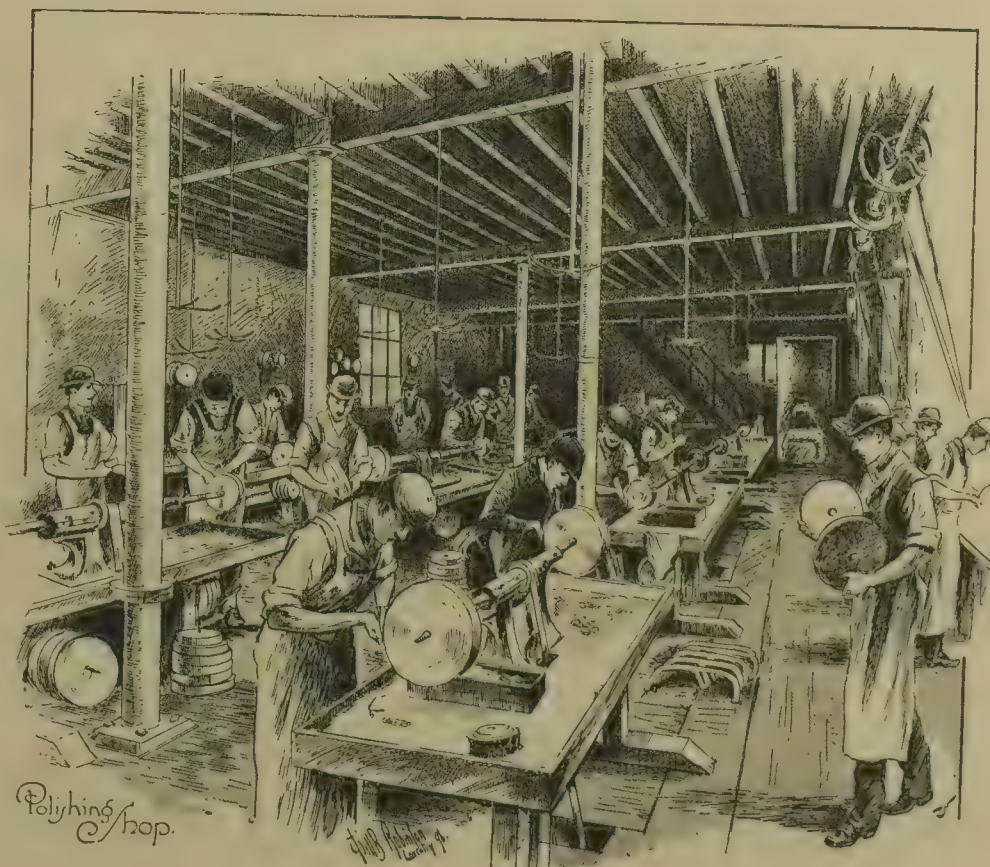


the bearing itself to be created. In the course of manufacture at these works every component part is carefully inspected and gauged after every process, so that a perfect system of interchangeability is secured. When it is remembered that there are nearly 1200 pieces required for the construction of a complete machine, the intricate nature of the work devolving upon its designers and manufacturers will be



Mr. Philpot be their cicerone) that this same machinery has proved most satisfactory in use. Probably there is no factory engaged in cycle-making which is better equipped than this parent concern, whether it be in the United States, on the Continent, or in the United Kingdom. In Mr. Philpot's uncompromising phrase, "We are in no detail behind our competitors, although we may not have proclaimed the fact from the housetops in such strident tones as our friends across the water."

In the construction of the cycle it is not merely necessary to have the greatest accuracy in the machinery itself, it is of even more importance to secure perfect accuracy in the actual building of the machine. However good the component parts may be, they are valueless unless they are put together by experienced workmen; and in this department it is satisfactory to be assured that the Coventry Machinists' Company commands the pick of the trade. The most essential factor in cycle-making is the bearings; and to them the utmost attention is devoted. They are designed to hold a sufficient quantity of oil to ensure perfect lubrication, and in such a manner that the balls may roll freely between the cones without any spin. It is quite possible for ball bearings to be constructed in a most unscientific manner, and for an unnecessary amount of friction in



better understood; and when the questions of quality of material, workmanship, and finish of this large number of parts are considered, it will readily be seen why a high-grade machine is so much more expensive than one which is made up of the commonest materials with a minimum of expenditure of labour. Not only are all the parts carefully examined after each process at the manufactory under review, but when the machine is completed it passes to the inspectors' room. Here the official at the head of the department, who is an expert rider as well as an experienced mechanic, examines the finished machine both from a rider's and a mechanical point of view. Every adjustment of the machine is tested, all the fittings are carefully examined, and this system of rigid inspection ensures the cycle reaching the purchaser in perfect condition and fit for immediate use.

The factory of the Coventry Machinists' Company is divided into departments, with an experienced chief in each, who is responsible for its conduct. "Fads" are avoided as much as possible. The main characteristics of the "Swift" cycles are high quality, finish, and simplicity. "We maintain," says Mr. Philpot, "that a cycle cannot be too simple. Naturally, it is less likely to get out of order. It is our object to take everything we can out of the machine,



instead of adding all sorts of fads which are both unnecessary and complicated, and of no practical use to the rider." The "Swift" cycles are celebrated the world over for their graceful design and their rakish lines. That they in no sense belie their reputation is proved by the fact that, mounted upon them, the most famous riders of the day have accomplished innumerable phenomenal performances. On "Swift" machines the one-mile N.C.U. professional championship was won by F. C. Barden; the one-mile

four months' time, the output of the factory will be nearly doubled. The company has an arrangement with the Austrian Small Arms Factory at Steyer to manufacture "Swift" cycles, under royalty, in accordance with the parent company's designs, and to establish agencies throughout Austria-Italy and the whole of South-Eastern Europe.

For the first half of the present year the dividend was 100 per cent., a pleasing fact for those to whom an opportunity is now to be given to take an interest in the oldest



A BUILDING SHOP IN THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' COMPANY'S WORKS.

N.C.U. amateur championship was won by W. H. Bardsley; in the twenty-four hours' Cuca Cup race for amateurs at Herno Hill, Mr. P. R. Goodwin rode 476 miles 1702 yards, establishing a British record; in the five miles' match in the Simpson Chain races at Catford, Barden, on a "Swift," easily defeated the hitherto invincible Michael; A. A. Chaso on a "Swift" was the first man in England to ride thirty miles in the hour, beating world's records from two to thirty miles; while in the recent ten miles' match A. A. Chaso, riding a "Swift," defeated J. W. Stocks by fifteen yards in the fast time of 19 min. 35 sec. No single firm has, we believe, ever possessed such a list of wonderful performances.

So widely are "Swift" cycles appreciated by the public that the demand for the highest class machines has this season been altogether unparalleled; and although the company has doubled its output and trade this year, the supply has been inadequate to meet one-fourth of the orders. The "Swift" tandem safety is generally considered to be the most perfectly designed of all ladies' cycles. It was produced by Messrs. Philpot and Radford in 1891, and has been copied by every firm in the trade. Its main points are ease of mounting and dismounting, extremely rigid frame, light weight, ample protection for preventing the dress from getting entangled, small and light pedals, and powerful rubber brake, which will not destroy or damage the tyres.

The business of the company is largely conducted by agents, of whom there are upwards of five hundred duly appointed; the company has also large depôts of its own on Holborn Viaduct and in Paris. There are agents in the principal cities of Europe, who do a very large business—notably in Russia, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. The company's transactions also extend to Australia, India, New Zealand, the Cape, and South America. The demand for "Swift" cycles from abroad this season has been quite beyond the company's capacity to supply; and in this direction more particularly the business is capable of enormous development. Cycling is progressing abroad to an even greater extent than in England, and the demand is chiefly for machines bearing a world-wide reputation, in which respect none stand higher than the "Swifts."

It is worthy of note that from this pioneer company the whole of the now enormous cycle trade of Coventry has sprung. The Coventry Machinists' Company has been widely advertised for more than thirty years, and it is one of the standards recognised by everybody. Without selling a single extra cycle in England the company can more than double its trade through its foreign connections. It has special departments for the construction of tricycles, tandem safeties, triplets, and quadruplets, the latter being chiefly used as pace-making machines and for record-riding. At the present moment several machines are in course of construction to carry six and seven riders. The energetic managing director has in no way allowed the quality or finish of the machines to deteriorate during the recent extraordinary rush; and the same rigid inspection of the work has been maintained throughout. Coventry does not possess a larger or better-equipped factory, nor has any cycle business a more efficient organisation than that of the Coventry Machinists' Company. Adjoining property has been just acquired, which will enable the size of the works to be doubled. Plans for the first portion, on the Cheylesmore side, have been passed, the builders have already begun operations, and when these additions are completed, as they will be in

established and one of the most prosperous undertakings of the kind. The conversion of the Coventry Machinists' Company is proceeding under the auspices of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley and his friends, and it promises to be as successful as the undertakings which have been launched by the same enterprising gentleman.

#### CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2723 received from D A Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2724 from C A M (Penang) and A S H H (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2726 from A S H H (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2727 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2729 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Emile Frau (Lyons), Dr Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), Oliver Ingella, W H Williamson (Belfast), and W H Lunn (Cheltenham); of No. 2730 from J Bailey (Newark), T Roberts, Castle Lea, W H Williamson (Belfast), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W P Hind, J Lake Ralph (Purley), Oliver Ingella, Frater, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), T Shakespear, R Worters (Canterbury), Ubique, and Emile Frau (Lyons).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2731 received from Sorrento, H T Atterbury, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Castle Lea, C E Perugini, M Rieloff, Bluet, R Worters (Canterbury), F Waller (Luton), T Roberts, W R B (Clifton), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), M Burke, T G Ware, Martin F Shadforth, R H Brooks, W R Raillem, J Coad, F James (Wolverhampton), E P Vulliamy, and Alpha.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2730.—By A. G. FELLOWS.

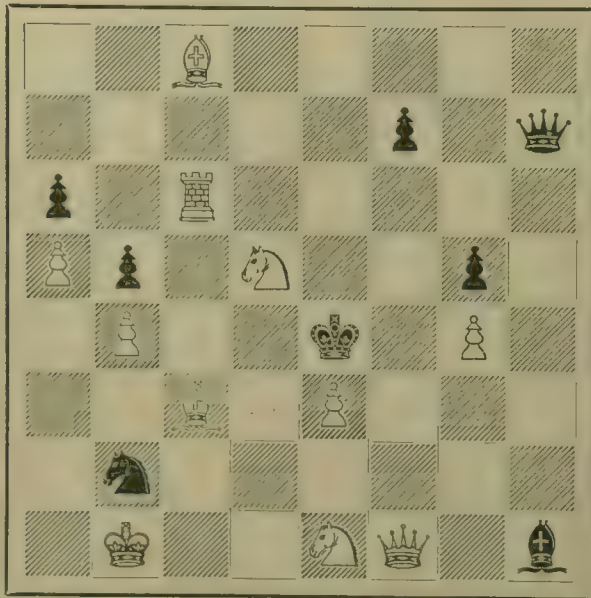
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 2nd K to B 6th  
2. Q to Q 5th (ch) K to Kt 5th  
3. Q to K R 5th. Mate.

If Black plays 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to Q 5th (ch). If 1. B to Kt 5th, then 2. R to R 4th (ch), Kt to B 4th, 3. R to B 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2733.

By W. S. BRANCH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The Nuremberg Tournament ended, as we anticipated, in the victory of Mr. Lasker; but the striking recovery of form on the part of Mr. Pillsbury during last week brought him much closer to the top than could have been anticipated in the earlier stages of the contest. Messrs. Steinitz and Tarrasch played up to their reputation, and, with Mr. Pillsbury, occupy leading positions after the champion. Mr. Walbrodt at one time took a very high place, but he palpably tired towards the end, and the same may be said of Mr. Janowski, whose play up to a certain point surprised even those who were familiar with his skill. The tournament proved a great success, and Dr. Tarrasch and his committee are to be heartily complimented on their efforts to make it such.

#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It is always pleasant to note the practical realisation of an inventor's ideas, and in the case of a highly useful and novel invention alluded to in this column many months ago, I am glad to chronicle the success of the scheme in question. Carlingford Lough, as many of my readers are aware, is a very pretty arm of the sea, well worth a visit by tourists to the North of Ireland; but it happens that as regards landing at Warrenpoint a difficulty exists, seeing that steamers of ordinary draught of water cannot enter or leave that port at all states of the tide. There is need for the erection of a suitable pier; but a pier costs money, and, as the necessary funds are not always forthcoming, Carlingford and its beauties might well be left unheeded for want of suitable means of sailing the Lough. My friend Mr. Henry Barcroft, D.L. of Newry, has designed a novel steam-boat which is of extremely light draught, and which is driven by the Barcroft patent propellers already noticed in these pages. These propellers are adjustable to any depth of water, and specially adapted for canal traffic (to which they have been applied in Ireland) and for steamers of draught suitable for shallow waters. Accordingly the *Pioneer* (which is the name of the new steamer), duly licensed by the Board of Trade to carry 166 passengers, is now plying on the Lough. The draught of this remarkable boat is only about 20 in. forward and 33 in. aft. The ballast weighs about ten tons. The utility of such a vessel for traffic in shallow loughs is obvious. The speed is between seven and eight miles an hour. This type of steamer, it seems to me, commends itself to all who are interested in the problem of canal, river, and lake-navigation, and a visit to Carlingford Lough may demonstrate how the problem of efficient steamer for light-draught vessels has been solved by Mr. Barcroft's ingenious propeller system.

A revived interest has been exhibited recently in the matter of deep-sea soundings. Lord Kelvin's professorial jubilee directed attention to his sounding apparatus, and the inquiry into the disaster to the *Drummond Castle* has led many persons to take an interest in the methods which exist for ascertaining the depths of the ocean hollows and abysses. That which is most interesting to the public is the question of the greatest depths of sea which have been sounded by the aid of applied science. I suppose the furthest limits which of late days have been reached in this direction are those represented in the surveying operations of H.M.S. *Penguin*. The soundings were taken in the Pacific, south of the Friendly Isles. In one trial, the sounding-wire snapped at 25,800 ft., and on a second occasion it broke at 29,400 ft. This latter sounding represents the deepest I have heard of, but, of course, it does not represent the total depth of the ocean, seeing that the sounder did not touch ground. Near Japan soundings of 27,930 ft. had been obtained, and off the Nippon coast the "lead" had touched bottom at 27,858 ft. In the North Atlantic and on its western side there are several depressions of great depth—witness the soundings of 23,248 ft. and 27,366 ft. north of Porto Rico. In the Caribbean Sea, off Jamaica to the west, the bottom was touched at 20,240 ft. Thus the deepest sounding gives us over 5½ miles, and the sound has not then reached the floor of the ocean basin. It is clear such oceanic depths are comparable in one sense to the mountain heights of the land.

I am glad to observe that increased public attention is being paid to the question of the sanitation of consumptive patients. This is a national question; and if, as a nation, we could be awakened to the facts which sanitary science is perpetually endeavouring to drive home to us, we might successfully endeavour to mitigate very materially the ravages of this scourge of modern life. The lessons we should have to learn are few and simple. First, we should require to appreciate the fact that consumption is one variety or phase of a general disease that everybody knows under the name of tuberculosis. Next we should be taught that this ailment is the direct result of the growth and multiplication within our bodies of a special germ—the *bacillus tuberculosis* of Koch. Without this germ, tuberculosis is not a possibility of life. Then we should learn the contagious character of the disease. We know it can be inoculated into lower animals directly from human beings; and we cannot be far wrong in holding that its germs are conveyed to us, either from lower life or, what is more to the point, from already infected men and women.

That which most concerns us as a nation is to be aroused to the fact that matter coughed up from the lungs of consumptive persons contains the germs of the disease, and that it is not only desirable, but imperative, that this matter shall not be allowed to become dried and, in the form of invisible dust, pass into the air, thence to be inhaled into lungs which exhibit a susceptibility to the acquirement of the disease. The idea grows apace that every case of consumption is as truly a case of infection as, say, a case of scarlet fever. I should say we are perpetually encompassed by the germs of this disease, as by other bacilli. The strong escape attack and the weak succumb. But in all cases, there is infection to be reckoned with as the starting-point of the whole trouble. Now this infection must come chiefly from the diffusion of the germs of the ailment broadcast from already infected lungs. When sanitarians, therefore, teach us that all matter from consumptive lungs should be disinfected, that special precautions should be taken with regard to the disposal of all tuberculous matter, that the rooms tenanted by consumptives should also be cleaned and disinfected, and that, in short, a hygienic régime should be instituted throughout, they are only detailing to the world the results of that experience which represents "saving knowledge" in the truest sense of the term.

Already in America there exists a Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which has issued a series of very plain directions to hotel-keepers and to ship-owners regarding the necessity for care in the direction I have indicated. It is a national question, I repeat, and in this light deserves the same attention which has been bestowed, say, on the prevention of cholera or smallpox.



# For this relief, much thanks."

HAMLET.

ACT 1.

Sc. 1.



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must needs be  
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (dated Dec. 8, 1890), with a second codicil (dated May 28, 1896), of Mr. Alfred Sharp, of Myrtle Grove, Bingley, Yorks, who died on June 1, were proved on July 3 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Elizabeth Sharp, the widow, Herbert Sharp, and Alexander Norman Sharp, the sons, and Arthur Atkinson, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £184,541. The testator gives £500, the use for life of his Myrtle Grove Estate, with the household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £1200, to his wife; £15,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Harriet Edith Craven, Marion Baverston, and Amy Eveline Sharp, but each of the three sums of £15,000 is to be charged with the payment of £100 per annum to his wife during her life; £6000 each, upon trust, for his sons Herbert Sharp, Alexander Norman Sharp, and Sidney Alfred Sharp; £1000 to the Wesleyan Methodist Worn-Out Ministers Fund, if he has not already given it during his lifetime, and legacies to his executor Mr. Atkinson and to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1876), with a codicil (dated Nov. 8, 1880), of Mr. William Kaye, of Worcester Court, Worcester Park, and formerly of 31, Lombard Street, who died on June 8, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Julia Rosa Kaye, the widow, and David McLean, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £77,423. The testator gives £500 and all his household furniture and effects, whether ornamental or otherwise, to his wife, and £5000 upon trust for his sister, Christina Kaye. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life or widowhood, but, should she re-marry, she is to receive a sum of £5000. The ultimate residue is to be divided between his children, the sons taking two shares, and the daughters one. Provision is made for the raising of portions for his children during the widowhood of Mrs. Kaye.

The will (dated July 24, 1895) of Lady Frances Mary Scott, of 21, Chester Square, who died on June 27, was proved on July 28 by Dudley Alexander Charles Scott, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £72,902. The testatrix gives £4500 each to her nieces Annie Henrietta Fane, Evelyn Mary Scott, and Jessie Louisa Scott; £7500 each to her nephews Dudley Alexander Charles Scott and Louis Guy Scott; £3000 each to her nieces the Hon. Harriet Essex and Katherine Mostyn; £1000 to her godson, Edward John Dewar; £525 each to Augusta Dewar, the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Mostyn, and Captain Beauchamp Scott; £300 to her sister-in-law, the Hon. Frances M. Scott; £150 each to Colonel the Hon. Roger Mostyn and Colonel the Hon. Savage Mostyn; and her plate and plated articles between her nephews Dudley and Louis Scott. She bequeaths her share and the share of her deceased sister, Lady Augusta Anne Scott, in the portions made for younger children under the settlement executed by her late father, the Earl of Clonmell, as to two fifths thereof for her niece Lady Maria Fitzclarence, and one fifth each to her nieces Lady Annetta La Touche,



CLOCK PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS' MESS  
OF THE 9TH LANCERS.

The Officers' Mess of the 9th Lancers has just been enriched with a very handsome clock, presented by Mr. J. S. Forbes, whose marriage with Lady Angela Erskine has been lately announced. The clock is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb. Surmounting the ebony case is a lifelike model of a mounted trooper with lance at the charge, all modelled in sterling silver and standing upon a base of the same metal. Flanking either side are statuettes, also in sterling silver, of dismounted troopers standing at attention. The various engagements in which this celebrated regiment has taken so distinguished a part, and which are borne upon its colours, are emblazoned on silver ribbons around the dial.

Lady Rachel Sanderson, and Lady Edith Monck. The residue of her property she leaves between her nephews Dudley Alexander Charles Scott and Louis Guy Scott, and her nieces Evelyn Mary Scott and Jessie Louisa Scott, as shall be unmarried at the time of her decease, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1894) of Mr. Samuel Thomas Pratt Barratt, of 10, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, a partner in the firm of Hill Brothers and Co., 3, Bond Street, who died on July 11, was proved on Aug. 1 by Mrs. Eliza Barratt, the widow, Samuel Harry Hill Barratt,

the son, and Channon Searle Skinner, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,374. The testator gives £500 and the use for life of his house, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his wife; £50 to Channon Searle Skinner, and specific gifts of jewellery to his sons. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay one third of the income thereof to his wife, and during her life, the remaining two thirds equally between his two sons, Samuel Harry Hill Barratt and Walter Blackmore Barratt. On the death of Mrs. Barratt the ultimate residue is to go to his said two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1892), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1893), of Admiral John Clarke Byng, of Clarence Parade, Southsea, and the United Service Club, Pall Mall, who died on July 2 at the Royal Albert Yacht Club, Southsea, was proved on Aug. 3 by Captain Arthur Harvey Byng, the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £36,702. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Ethel Frances Byng; £2000 to William Charles Godsall; £1000 each to Frederick William Godsall, Edward Godsall, Bymer Martin Godsall, and Mary Godsall; £500 each to Mrs. Gillespie and Charlotte Wedderburn; £100 to his executor, and a few small legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to their children in equal shares, but, in default of children, to certain of his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated April 19, 1894), with a codicil (dated Aug. 10 following), of Mr. William Frederick Waller, of 4, Sydney Villas, Old Road, West Gravesend, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on July 16 by Miss Ellen Louisa Addison, the niece, William Tingey, and Major William McKown, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,977. The testator bequeaths all his Egyptian Unified, Daira Sameh, Russian, Portuguese, Great Laxey, and Cape Copper shares, and two bonds of the New South Wales Treasury to the Gravesend Hospital, Bath Street, Gravesend, but subject to the payment of £100 each to Annie Williams and Hannah Wright; his shares in the London and County Bank to the Lord Mayor of London, upon trust, for such hospital or hospitals for seamen in any city or county bordering on the river Thames as he in his absolute discretion shall select; and legacies and bequests to relatives and his housekeeper. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece, Ellen Louisa Addison.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1886), with a codicil (dated Sept. 17, 1890), of Mr. Arthur Nowill, of Messrs. John Nowill and Sons, cutlery manufacturers, Sheffield, who died on May 17, was proved on July 23 by Arnold Willis Nowill, the son, Miss Edith Nowill, the daughter, and Bradley Nowill, the nephew, the value of the personal estate being £20,711. The testator gives all his ready money and the money at his bankers, and the use, for life, of his two houses, 24 and 26, Westbourne Road East, with the furniture, plate, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Nowill; and his one-fourth share of the partnership business to his son Arnold Willis Nowill, subject to the payment of £1500 to his residuary estate. The residue of his property he leaves

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upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease £1500 each is to go to his children Percy Nowill, Arnold Willis Nowill, Edith Nowill, and the children of his deceased son Alfred Nowill. He appoints his son Arnold Willis Nowill and his daughter Edith Nowill joint residuary legatees.

The will of Mr. William Edward Laycock, of Stumper-towe Grange, Sheffield, who died on Nov. 21 last, at Scarborough, was proved in the Wakefield District Registry on July 24 by William Samuel Laycock and Charles Albert Laycock, the sons, Thomas Heathcote Sorby and John Dodsley Webster, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £11,620.

The will of Mr. Thomas John Elmore, for many years Consul at Nice and afterwards for the State of Georgia, of Barcombe House, Barcombe, Sussex, who died on July 13, was proved on July 30 by Mrs. Edith Constance Elmore, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7302.

The will of Mr. Charles Edward Prince, J.P., of Cornbrook House, Marlowes, Hemel Hempstead, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 4 by James Crofts Ingram, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £1429.

The will (dated June 5, 1895) of the late Lady Ann Watkin, wife of Sir Edward William Watkin, of Rose Hill, Northenden, in the county of Chester, Baronet, M.P., has not yet been proved owing to the fact that Sir William Ingram, Bart., and Mr. Charles Ingram, the sons of the testatrix by her marriage with the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P., have entered a caveat. The executors and trustees of the will, Mr. James William Temple and Mr. Edgar Watkin, have renounced their executorships. The testatrix devises her advowson of Boston, in the county of Lincoln, to Sir Edward William Watkin absolutely. The real property to which she is entitled in the county of Carnarvon, Wales, she devises to her husband's son, Alfred Mellor Watkin, for life, and after his death to her husband's grandson, James Worsley-Taylor, absolutely; but if the latter should die before the said Alfred Mellor Watkin and without issue, then the testatrix devises the same real property to another of the grandsons of her husband, viz., Francis Edward Worsley-Taylor, absolutely. The testatrix gives all the residue of her property, both real and personal, unto her trustees, in trust to convert the same into money, by sale or otherwise, and to divide the proceeds among her five daughters in equal shares.

The Church Historical Society is issuing, through the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a reply to the Pope's late Encyclical on Unity. The aim is to meet the Pope's argument for the supreme authority of one among Apostles, and for the devolution of the supreme authority upon one ascertained line of succession from him as of divine intention and thus of divine right.

#### FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Authors ought to respect criticism, of course, but criticism ought to respect itself. When, therefore, a judicious periodical praises a novel in May and attacks it energetically in July, authors have some excuse for not minding what the judicious periodical chooses to say. An instance of this amusing inconsistency has just been pointed out to me. Mr. Mason's "Courtship of Morrice Buckler" was published in April. The work of a new writer, it was rather kindly received, and, to my taste, while it did not lack defects, it was not applauded beyond its deserts. A Review, which one need not name (I cannot help it if the urbane manner is recognised), declared, on May 16, that the book "is a personal narrative of adventure, and, on the whole, a good example of the class. It shows a fair measure of ingenuity and invention, and is decidedly successful in securing our interest and attention from first to last. . . . Mr. Mason, in fact, is a capital plotter, which is an excellent thing in romancers." There was a good deal more in the same superior style, but, on the whole, the critique was affable and not unfavourable.

This was on May 16. Meanwhile, the book obtained, I am glad to say, some success and popularity. A much longer review appeared in the same journal on July 4. Some "ability" was granted, with a grave moral drawback. "If a man thinks of supporting himself by snatching purses," said the gracious critic, "he will hardly ask himself whether he has the requisite skill; his doubt will be whether his case is so desperate that he ought to range himself with those who prey upon others. Such questions do not seem to suggest themselves in the case of literature. The literary man thanks his stars that he has a friend to 'convey.'" Then Mr. Stanley Weyman is accused of "borrowing" the method of Dumas, introducing marionettes in place of characters, with other amenities. One or two obvious misprints in Latin quotations are then censured in Mr. Mason's book. One at least ("at" for "ad") could not be due to the author, and nobody could suspect him of more than overlooking a compositor's blunder. Finally, "to speak of these Weymanesque men and women as created by the author would be as absurd as to talk of the creation of soda-water or matches. . . ." At last the book is dismissed as literary "shoddy," more easily produced than even "that manufactured by Caine, Crockett, and Maclaren."

This—all this—was manufactured, at least was exposed for sale, on July 4. On May 16 Mr. Mason's

tale was described as "uncommonly striking, and told with plenty of vivacity," though "far too long-winded." These remarks of May 16 exactly represent my own opinion. The book is too long; it is also spirited and vivacious. But I cannot agree entirely with the critic of July 4. There is a kind of literary ware more easily produced than the "shoddy" of "Caine, Crockett, and Maclaren," and that ware is accusations of "conveying"; parallels between novelists and cut-purses; and, generally, bad literary manners, bad temper, and two contradictory criticisms of the same book. The preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin" may be recommended to critics like the hero of July 4. Of course, if contradictory criticisms were published simultaneously, avowedly by reviewers of different schools and tastes, the public might find a *via media*. But this method is not quite practicable; and the other method is not likely to be consciously imitated.

I wonder what the truth is about the ballad of "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament." The real Anne, poor lady, was daughter of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of the Orkneys, and was betrayed by her own cousin, a son of the Earl of Mar. She soon became mixed, in legend, with Lady Bothwellhaugh, wife of the assassin of the Regent Murray, and one or other of them is reported to "walk" in "haunted Woodhouselee." Now the common tale in history books is that Murray, or a minion of Murray, ejected Lady Bothwellhaugh from Woodhouselee on a winter's night, that her child died, and that she went mad. Either she or Lady Anne Bothwell is the supposed author of the lament—

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep!

For the wrong done to his wife Bothwellhaugh is said to have shot Murray. Maidment, on the other hand, says that this reason for killing the Regent was a mere political lie. A summons, nine years later—a summons *against* Bothwellhaugh—was served on his wife in Bothwellhaugh House. Therefore she was not ejected, did not go mad, and did not die. But Bothwellhaugh's tale was believed; Lady Anne Bothwell was forgotten, and the story of her sorrows was applied to Lady Bothwellhaugh. This is not an unlikely theory. But could so bold a statement as that which represented a sane, living, not unprosperous lady as having died a maniac, under ill-treatment, have been believed at the time and ever afterwards? It was easy for Bothwellhaugh's enemies to disprove his story by producing his wife alive and well. By way of making confusion worse confounded, the ghost, or ghosts, took to haunting *new* Woodhouselee, as

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well as old Woodhouselee, "to the horror of the female domestics, one or two of whom positively declared they had seen it." They saw it, and never asked "Now, are you Lady Bothwellhaugh, or are you Lady Anne Bothwell; are you Isabella, or Anne?" I am inclined to think that the "Lament" itself, with its talk about "the dear seducer," is an eighteenth-century pastiche on the older song of "Waly, Waly!" and that neither lady has anything to do with it.

Why is it so hard to buy fly-hooks? The dealers, like booksellers, "have not got them in stock, but will send for them," a provoking reply when you want them at once. Others tie them (as eyed hooks) on such tiny eyes that no mortal can hope to get the gut through. Lately I entered a shop and asked for "some small duns on eyed hooks." The worthy tradesman blanched; he clearly did not know what a dun was, and suspected the worst. He replied, "The man has gone out to the post," as if we were in Ollendorff. I said I took no interest in the man; what I wanted was some small duns on eyed hooks. Conceive entering a grocer's, asking for figs, and being told that "the man had gone to the post"! In the next shop they were "out of Wickham's Fancies, but would send for them." Why don't they keep their wares? It is not as if flies were books (which a bookseller naturally does not keep); there is always a demand for small duns.

### THE WILY STOAT.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A small copse, or as the local phrase picturesquely puts it, "a hanger," clings by its teeth, so to speak, to the steep slope of the Devil's Frying-pan. Seen from above, its trees appear like mere scrub, because one is looking down upon them almost perpendicularly, and so perceives them much foreshortened. But when you scramble down into the deep basin-shaped glen, and stand at last beneath the seeming bushes, you find to your surprise they have developed all at once, as by Arabian Nights' magic, into well-grown oaks or very tall and stately larches. Wandering there this morning, in search of a rare lichen, I happened to catch a passing glimpse of a ruddy-brown stoat, with his flat body just gummied against the closely similar russet bark of a Scotch fir, to which he clung for protection. For a minute or two he did not move, but lay sidled up to the red bole of the tree, as if trusting to the likeness in colour to conceal him; though, indeed, his bright eyes and his eager head, turned round in an attitude of most alert attention, sufficed to betray him. But the moment I took a step forward and showed by the direction of my glance that I had fairly detected him, the agile creature darted up the trunk with all the skill of a squirrel, and disappeared into a fork of the branches—perhaps actually into a squirrel-hole. Though I waited for some seconds, he did not make his exit.

As he ran, however, I caught a gleam of the yellowish-white fur on the under side of his body as well as of the bushy black brush at the end of his tail. By those I knew him. The stoat is a slightly larger and more unsophisticated weasel, wilder in habit and more northern in range, and though mainly a ground beast, skulking among rocks and stones or at the roots of trees, he is rather more arboreal in habit than his smaller relation, and therefore possesses a somewhat bushier tail, which he uses, after the fashion of the squirrel and all other tree-haunting mammals, like a rope-walker's pole, to balance or steady him in his acrobatic excursions. The more purely ground-dwelling weasel, who climbs trees indeed, but does not move about on them so freely or boldly, has a terrestrial type of tail, less adapted for balancing. Perhaps it is for the same reason that the stoat, in the course of his evolution, has acquired a different and more definite scheme of colour; while the darker and lighter portions in the weasel merge almost imperceptibly into one another, the stoat has his russet-brown back distinctly defined from his yellow or white under surface by a decided line of demarcation. Such a marked difference between dorsal and ventral surfaces—forgive the technicality—is common in animals which must often be seen either from above or from beneath. The enemy overhead—hawk, owl, or kestrel—sees the ruddy-brown fur harmonising so closely with bark and soil as to make the stoat indistinguishable; the prey below—mouse, rat, or small bird—sees the yellowish-white

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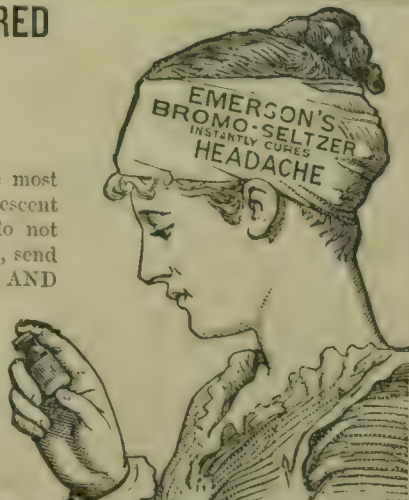
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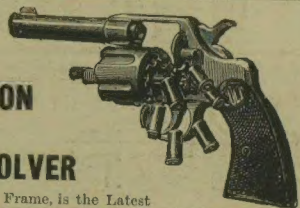
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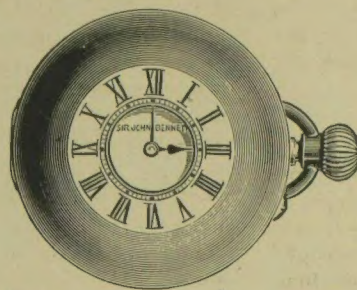
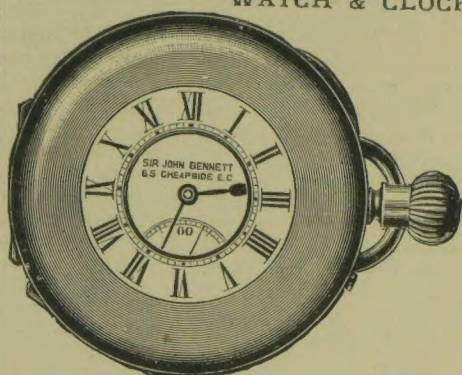
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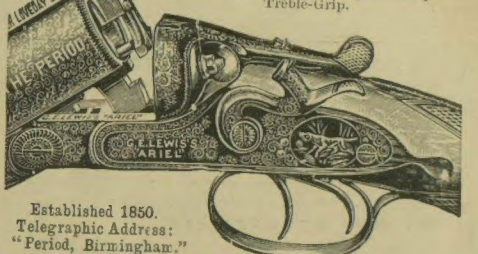
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fur against the open sky overhead, and fails to perceive it. Exactly the same protective scheme of coloration is common for the same reason in many birds, in most free-swimming fishes, and in marine mammals like the dolphins and porpoises. Dark above, light below, is the rule for inconspicuousness.

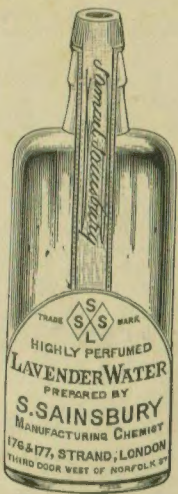
The most interesting point about the stoat, however, is its well-known seasonal change in northern climates into white-furred ermine. Even the weasel, in snow-clad countries, shows a somewhat similar though rather ineffective tendency, for its brown upper fur turns in winter to a dirty drab or buff colour. But in the stoat or ermine the entire body, with the exception of the tip of the tail, becomes snowy white, just tinged here and there, to prevent too crude an effect, with faint dashes of yellow. The final cause of this change, as in the case of most other Arctic or sub-Arctic animals (such as the northern fox, the willow-grouse, and the ptarmigan) is usually, and no doubt correctly, set down to the crying

need for protective colouring. Wherever the prevailing tone of the environment—I thank thee, Herbert Spencer, for teaching us that word—is peculiarly uniform, as in the Polar regions and the sands of the desert, almost every animal has to adopt that particular shade or marking, in order to escape its foes, or creep upon its quarry. The beasts and insects of Sahara are all isabelline. In snow-clad plains, however, such uniformity reaches its utmost extreme; hence carnivores and prey alike must be uniformly white. In tropical forests, on the other hand, with their varied and intricate tones of colouring, we get the utmost variety, brilliancy, and intermixture in the tints of the inhabitants. But I think it probable that, while subserving this obvious purpose, the change of coat in the ermine in winter has another and perhaps more primitive function. Dr. Elliott Coues, the great American naturalist, has shown that the whitening of the stoat's fur depends directly upon the influence of cold; if severe weather comes on at the beginning of winter the new

hairs grow out white at once; if it sets in later they begin by being brown, and then turn white, after the fashion described by the Prisoner of Chillon, when frost and snow supervene to check them. Is it not probable, therefore, that the alteration is due in part to the same sort of organic economy which makes our own hair turn grey with years—in other words, to the withdrawal of the rich and fatty pigment-matter from the fur as soon as the needs of the system demand more imperatively its services elsewhere? In winter, the brown pigment is not merely useless but positively harmful; therefore the animal ceases to supply it to the hairs. In summer, on the other hand, it is valuable as a means of concealment, while the fatty matter can be more readily spared from the tissues. As for the black-tipped tail, which forms part of the ornamental effect of ermine (for human purposes), I take that to be, in all probability, a recognition signal for mate and young, enabling them to perceive and follow with ease the father of the family.

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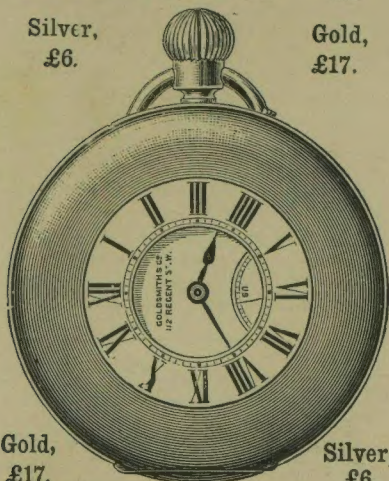
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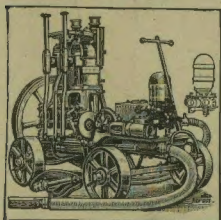
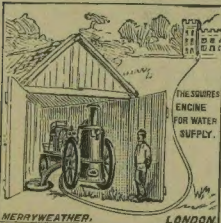
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MERRYWEATHERS' OIL-DRIVEN  
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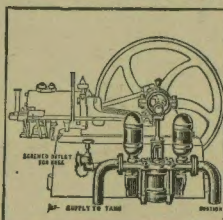
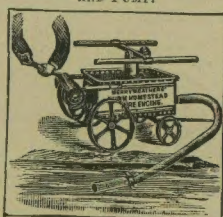
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Signed

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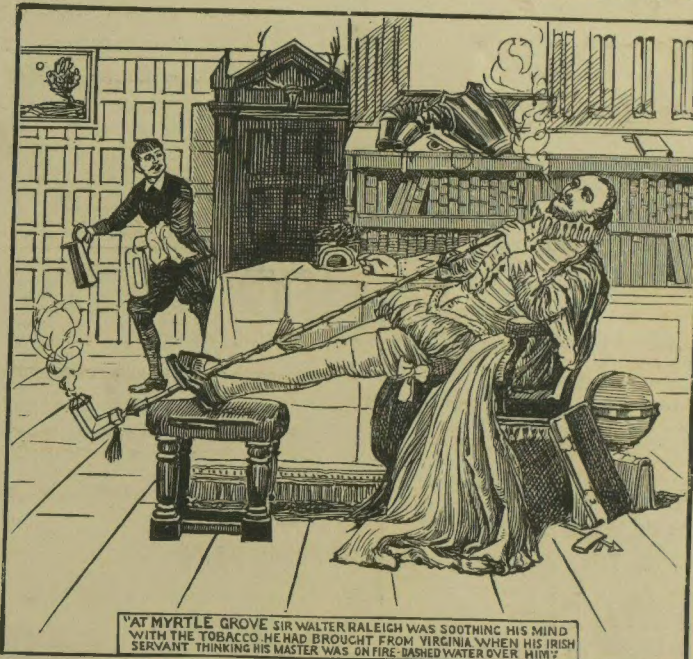
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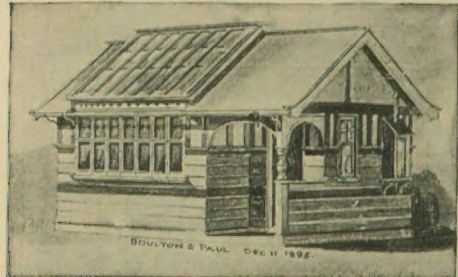
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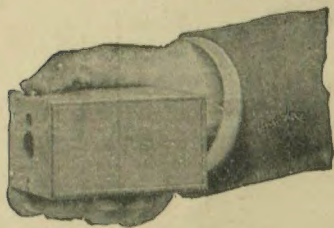
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Carter's Little Liver Pills are widely counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER is the important word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise the Pills within cannot be genuine.

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